

THE CRITIC

OF BOOKS, SOCIETY, PICTURES, MUSIC, AND DECORATIVE ART:

A JOURNAL FOR READERS, AUTHORS, ARTISTS, PUBLISHERS, AND ART-MANUFACTURERS.

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To Messrs. A. Rowland and Son, 20, Hatton-garden, London.

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JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

France and England: a Vision of the Future.
By M. DE LAMARTINE. London, 1848.
Clarke and Co.

WHATEVER may be the differences of opinion as to the revolution itself, all must admire the ability and the courage displayed by LAMARTINE in the fulfilment of the difficult duties imposed upon him; for although he has colleagues, his is understood to be the mind by which the Provisional Government is directed, and from him have proceeded all those decrees which have secured, for a time at least, France from anarchy and Europe from war. Whatever the Government has done which sober reason cannot approve is well known to have emanated from others, and to have been disapproved by him. The wonderful courage, both moral and physical, which he has shewn on so many occasions is another title to respect; and if he should succeed in surrendering his trust into the hands of the National Convention without further disturbance of the public tranquillity, he will have achieved a task which all who knew the material he has to deal with would have pronounced impossible, and established his title to a place among the greatest men which any age or country has produced. All Europe will be his debtors; the whole world will willingly accord its gratitude and applause, for he will not only have preserved his own country from anarchy, but have done the far greater service of vindicating humanity, and setting an example of restraint in times of excitement which may operate in other years and other lands.

At this moment who will not read with curiosity a little book written by the great chief of the great revolution that is passing before our eyes, in which he avails himself of his poet's privilege to anticipate the probable state of the world in 1943? It was composed in the year 1843, when the author could not have dreamed of the great destiny that was preparing for him, and it will be curious now to trace his dreams and see how they are likely to be modified by the events that have already occurred, or are obviously impending. We will endeavour to present a short sketch of his vaticinations.

He opens with this rapid review of the state of France at the time of his writing.

"The Press," absence of fixed aim, general humanising, or at least patriotic, measures; no principle capable of fixing doubtful ideas, of bringing together divergent opinions—of utilising all those efforts lost on fruitless contests, and of giving them power by conferring on them an invariable direction. "The Government," its narrow and unforesighted egotism, forgetful of the most urgent wants of the masses; consequence, unpopularity; weakness within, timidity without; intrigue and corruption in place of power and dignity. "The Chambers," their want of philanthropy, or at any rate public spirit; no extensive ideas, no foresight, scarcely even strong will, no intelligence for business. "The middling classes," their sordid preoccupation; their opinions narrow, mean, without purpose or future; dread of foreigners without, and of the labouring classes within; dread of the Government above, of competition below; in all directions fear and egotism as motives. Among "the people,"

ever deceived, ever devoted to generous ideas, yet ever suspected. "The people" without affection for a power that oppresses them; no confidence for those who work them, instead of enlightening them; without consolation in the present, or faith for the future.

That he may find a guide in his researches, after a better condition of things, he reverts to the principles of society, and in these he differs from the philosophers who contend that the savage is the natural state of man:—

If you regard man only in an abstract isolated fashion, you will have but a most imperfect idea of his most imperative physical, intellectual, and moral acquirements. Man is not only necessitous and intelligent, he is eminently social; by instinct, by organism, he has need of his fellows still more to love and to be useful to them, than to receive from them every kind of assistance; never has he been found solitary save in his own despite. What is called a *state of nature* is only civilisation very little advanced; association restricted to one family. The tales of voyagers, like the study of history, prove that man is so much the more happy as he forms part of a larger and more compact association.

Alliances among tribes—in short, nationality, is an instinct, and alliances between nations are equally necessary to the common welfare.

Without going further, what was feudal France in the Middle Ages? When each fief was independent, each lord was at war with his neighbour. Call to mind what Italy was a little later under her petty sovereigns: lastly, what our own different provinces were at the epoch of the revolution, when each had its system of customs, its distinct laws, its weights and measures. There can then be no possible doubt of every man's interest to make one in an agglomeration as powerful as possible. It is useful to all that these fractional parts decrease in number, that the boundaries of populations be effaced, and that their interests be more and more united. The nations must comprehend clearly at last the necessity they have for each other, just as individuals; they must know fully that no one nation can isolate itself with impunity from others; that it can find no advantage in this solitude which is not purchased with greater evils, any more than a government, whatever it may be, can do well in separating its personal interests from those of the country.

An illustration of this principle is to be found in the present glorious effort of Germany to nationalise herself. The influence of this tendency upon individuals is to produce

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

The ties of family are very gentle yet strong; they make the charm of existence, and the most solid foundation of all society; but they are perishable; not one of us but has cruelly experienced or will be exposed sooner or later to the most afflictive losses. We must then arrange for consolation in a more extended sphere, and, for that reason, less accessible to the strokes of fate; we must extend that need of loving which is in us to something which will not perish, nor even alter. Love of our native land is very lively, very profound, very durable, but we do not experience it in all its energy except at a distance from the scenes we regret, and then it is a pleasure dashed with pain. The sentiment of a "country" reposes upon a base vaster and consequently more stable; it is so much the more exalted the more we owe to national institutions, and the more we interfere in public affairs. It has produced the greatest self-sacrifice; it can console the bitterest chagrin. But its exaltation even may make us undergo the most violent anguish. The land may be invaded or threatened by invasion; it may be humiliated, demoralised, governed by contemptible or intriguing men; it may be betrayed in its honour, sacrificed in its dearest interests; in fine, it may fall into dissolution. Where then find a refuge against so much

bitterness and deception? you have all proved those frightful tortures, for there is not one here whose country has not in turn experienced all these calamities. Upon what then rest one's hopes not to give way to despair? we must rise still higher. We must look the future face to face, embracing "the entire human race," because that alone is ever progressive in its entirety, because that is becoming day by day more illumined and more grateful.

All government, and all social and political philosophy, can be securely based only upon a profound acquaintance with human nature.

Individuals may be ungrateful, envious, unjust; nations often deceive themselves on the value of men, their opinions, and actions; but the "human race" is never deceived as to the services rendered to it, and never forgets them. Let us then have human nature quite entire, always present to our thoughts, as the foundation of our opinions, the spring of all our actions. Let us reckon always on it; the greater our disinterestedness, the more sure shall we be that it will not be forgotten. Oh that this may be the religion of all people! there are martyrs to it already!"

It is an error to imagine that it requires any very profound study to read this human nature. On the contrary, it is practically and correctly studied by all of us, from the highest to the lowest, in the daily business of life.

Another voice: "But this devotion to human nature can only be appreciated by superior men; it cannot be rewarded except by those who are evidence of it!" "That is another error: the most affectionate man, whatever be his position, is also the most beloved by his relatives, neighbours, and by all those who know him: in them he finds sure friends; by them he is aided and succoured with more eagerness and devotion than the egotist, whom they leave to get out of his dilemmas the best way he can. The most open-hearted man is always believed with the greatest confidence: the most honourable is one with whom they most willingly transact affairs of self-interest. Thus, in the most obscure ranks of society, whoever is good, just, and honest, bears within himself his immediate reward. Now all that is but a momentary sacrifice of the individual to that which is useful to all,—that is to say, conformable to the laws of humanity. In fine, this rule of conduct is always the best. Behold what passes every day around you; there is nothing less poetic than commerce,—nothing which displays more selfishness; yet who are the merchants whose affairs are most prosperous! Do you think it is those who are most greedy in their calculations, the most eager in their bargains, the least scrupulous in their transactions; those who speculate without pity on distress, and oppress misfortune? Far from it. This is easily proved in a city like this; I defy you to cite me a sordid miser who has made an immense fortune in business. By dint of meanness and privation he can amass a certain competence, but his rapacity is soon found out, and his connexions are never extensive; as for those who abuse public confidence, who fail in their engagements, and who defraud in quality and quantity, you always see them fail to want. Great businesses are established only by liberal transactions of reciprocal advantage. These are only maintained and extended by the general confidence in a well-known honour. No one can wish to be a dupe, or consent to allow himself to be oppressed. In a word, the surest and most lasting connexions are those which are founded on a complete reciprocity. That which is true of man to man is not less so of province to province, of people to people."

Honesty, according to LAMARTINE, is the best policy, both for nations and for individuals. Every step society has made in humanity, and justice, and rational freedom, has been attended with uncalculated advantages.

The first savage who in a tribe felt pity for a prisoner, and demanded that he should be allowed to live—this feeling man must have passed among the cannibals for a coward or madman. However,

they ended in finding out that they might do better with a prisoner by employing him in their service, than by eating him; and slavery has almost everywhere replaced anthropophagy. This was a first step of humanity, and it was not less advantageous to the conqueror than the conquered. Those who in former times cried out against slavery passed for dreamers, and very dangerous dreamers too. In fact, they were attacking acquired rights, lawful property; they were infringing an established social order, the only one which then appeared possible. However, serfdom replaced slavery, and the labour of the free man that of the serf, without any state falling into dissolution. On the contrary, those people who have given the example of emancipation are become more happy, more moral, more prosperous than their neighbours. But it is not only the slave or serf who is ameliorated in becoming free; it is not only the society which has transformed dangerous and turbulent enemies into devoted defenders of their independence; the master himself did not gain less in every point of view; his morality was developed, for absolute power corrupts the best natures. Besides, the master no longer had to dread the revolts and vengeance of those who were tortured in his name; he had no longer to occupy himself with their wants, with their chastisements, &c. In fine, he was better obeyed with less expense and trouble, for the labours and the services of a freeman are far superior to those of the slave; they are so even when we balance all much less onerous.

If we survey all nations in which the people have been entrusted with a direct interest in the welfare of their country, we shall find the government strong, and these people making immense sacrifices for the common cause. After reviewing the various efforts of France to secure this rational liberty, LAMARTINE turns to the Revolution of July, which he has himself overthrown. His opinion of that experiment will be read with eager interest:

THE REVOLUTION OF JULY.

"After the insurrection of July—" Several voices:—"The Revolution of July!"—"There was no political revolution in reality: it was rather a change of dynasty, a striking proclamation of the people's sovereignty, but we have not yet felt the consequences of this prolific principle. After the insurrection, or, if you will, the Revolution of July, the people laid down their arms without stipulating any thing for themselves." "Wherein they were wrong," exclaimed several auditors at once. "True; but there was no prescribed arrangement, at the moment when the legitimate wrath of the people burst forth; the only thought was to punish the violators of the social pact. This result obtained, the generous victors abandoned all to those who knew better than they, and whom they supposed to be animated with the same sentiments, and leagued with the same interests: in this alone they were self-deceivers. The middle classes, who had consummated the first revolution, resting on the people and working for them, let slip the results of the second, as they had allowed those of the first to be wrested from them, through a culpable weakness for the government, and through inexperience of affairs. After some disturbances, selfishness took alarm, and the heroes of July became turbulent, dangerous operatives, and finally, the mob.

LAMARTINE inclines strongly to the doctrines which his colleague, LOUIS BLANC, is endeavouring to mould into practice, with what success remains yet to be proved; but we should rejoice that the experiment is being tried where, if it fail, we shall not be exposed to the terrible consequences: if it succeed, we may follow the example.

The working man now-a-days enjoys a certain liberty—a sort of theoretical equality—that gives him more patience and virtue; but he is still overtasked by the indolent man of wealth; for who possesses capital takes the lion's share in the value that labour imparts to matter. The artisan feels nevertheless that he has a right to live, and to sup-

port his family by an amount of work compatible with his organisation; he feels that no one can deprive him of the sweets of home, and that such would be a most great calamity to the country. No argument could stand against the instinct of justice—against the passing logic of necessity. The dependence of the working man in reference to capital is not less unjust than the possession of the slave by a master; it is still the continuation of the same fact, the *using-up* of labour by idleness: so long as this state shall endure, so long will there be strife, discontent on both sides, reciprocal danger, decline at home and impotence abroad.

To avert the evils of such a state of things, he calls upon the middle classes to take the initiative in an endeavour to ameliorate the condition of the working classes, for with them power is now lodged. In England, it is true, the aristocracy still maintain a very extensive influence, "because," says LAMARTINE, "they have been more alive to their own interests, and have joined in with those of the country. The aristocracy has put itself in the van in all the contests the nation has maintained against despotic power." "The oligarchy has constantly laboured in the advancement of English liberty, and the national prosperity."

He anticipates an early disruption of the then existing state of things.

The actual condition of Europe proclaims that one of those supreme moments is at hand when her balance ought to be established on the most extended, the most rational, and by consequence most solid basis. All enlightened men have vague sentiments of this advent; each nation is sensible that all is provisional and precarious with herself and her neighbours. All should make preparation for these changes by a search after the laws they should work upon, in order to be ready beforehand, and to keep pace with the march of events as they are developed: for the happiest, the most prosperous nations will be those which are best grounded in the wants of human nature, and best provided for the future. Woe! woe! to them who shall oppose inevitable results.

Having indulged in these disquisitions, LAMARTINE proceeds to narrate his "Vision of the Future." It is told in the form of a journey round the world. Starting from Marseilles in a vessel moved by electricity instead of by steam, he goes to Egypt, and finds a canal joining the Nile with the Red Sea, and a railway running across the desert to Bagdad. Italy had become independent. Egypt was a republic. Belgium had merged into France, and the Rhine was the boundary of that country.

The events of the day are fulfilling in a wonderful manner the prophecies of the poet in relation to Germany.

These rather tedious details will enable you to understand what happened at the issue of the protracted agitation of which Germany became the centre. I have already alluded to the affairs of Hanover, and the constitutional governments on the right bank of the Rhine: there it was but the commencement of a revolution of the first importance elsewhere. The fermentation set going by these little states, or else working off at fitting occasion, extended by degrees to the neighbouring populations, and soon to all the rest of Germany. Thinking men became alarmed, and with cause, at the danger which their nascent liberty ran from the efforts of the Diet to suppress these shadows of representative government, whose mere appearance gave umbrage to the ultra-Rhenish despots. Men's minds got warmed by discussion, and still more so by persecution; ideas assumed form, and aimed at the vast and profound conception of *Germanic Union*, already dreamed of by men of genius, faintly anticipated by the masses, and prepared by the Zollverein. This fruitful conception, which accurately embraced the requirements of the country, soon became popular, but for some time it was an

abstract notion: our neighbours love to think very long before they act, and frequently would not act at all were they not forced into it.

Austria, always in the rear, united with Russia and England to control the Diet, and constrain the populations of the north and west, with whom the ideas of liberty, of the representative system, had fructified a long while previous. In this conjuncture, Russia was actuated by the same hatred of all social progress as Austria,—by the fear, too, of an immense accession of power to Germany—finally, by the desire of again finding opportunity of aggrandisement on the side of Turkey. As for England, she had no other design, in this union with barbarism and despotism, than to protect Hanover, and to open a market for her commodities, even at the cannon's mouth. On another side, Prussia followed out the consequences of that commercial union whereof she had already taken up the happy idea, and naturally found herself at the head of those constitutional states she had been imitating. In this contest, awhile silent, then avowed, between the past and future—represented by banners, by names of men and countries—the melancholy effects of civil war, for such it was, in truth, to Germany, manifested themselves. Adjacent provinces, led astray by their rulers, or by interest or vanity, became embittered against each other, and lost sight of that common object for which they should have reserved all their passions, all their efforts. In the midst of these opposite impulses, the uncertain mob, incited against their brethren, sought in vain a way out of this disorder—in vain expected the announcement of an early settlement of this immense crisis prolonged by Austria and her allies. At this supreme moment, decisive of the destinies of Europe, France regenerate took the part of abnegation, of devotion to the progress of mankind. She, like England and Russia, had cause to dread the consolidation of the Germanic populations into a single empire, whose power would be decupled by compacted unity, favoured, too, by a community of interests and language. However, the patriots of France sympathised with those of Germany, for that their object was legitimate and founded in the very nature of things; they seconded the mighty effort right royally, and with all their strength. More advanced than their neighbours in practice, clearer in their formula, more prompt in their decisions, they served with ardour as guides; they drew France after them into the path of generosity, and at length brought the hesitation of power to a close. From that time forth events marched onwards with astounding rapidity.

Then also was achieved the independence of Italy.

As for us, after delivering Piedmont, Venice, and after traversing the Tyrol, and menacing Vienna, with the aid of the Italian contingents, we stipulated for the complete absolute independence of all Italy; and we then aided in establishing her into one national body: a task the more difficult when we consider the parcelling out of the provinces, and the antiquity of their reciprocal prejudices. However, all the enlightened men of each district had long before cast off those unhappy antipathies, and had set to work to realise a close and general alliance of the different states of Italy. This thought, the conception of some few exalted and generous intellects, took rapidly with those ardent natures, so soon as it could be presented to them without drawback, and we lent our assistance to carry it out. At length we saw realised what our fathers had unsuccessfully attempted. More recently, the Italian nation adopted our colours, merely changing their position; thus the tricolour has the red at the staff and the blue outside: for the same reason, in the cockade they have put the red in the centre. The Italian territory, well understood, comprises Sicily: on the north it is bounded, as you see, by the Tyrol, and stretches away across the Nizza to the mouths of the Cattaro. Every one of its states have retained their names, and the free administration of their local affairs; and the general interests of Italy are discussed at Rome (for its central position) by the Italian Congress.

Spain and Portugal are united in one Re-

public. Canada has severed from England. France is, of course, a Republic, governed by a Congress, with perfect liberty of opinion, and institutions that give no special advantages to any class. The system of centralisation is changed for the departmental one; that is to say, each department contributes its own proportion to the general expenses, but leaves its own taxes, and provides for all its local expenditure—in short, our old English system somewhat improved.

So far LAMARTINE discourses like a philosopher, and not unlike a statesman. But at this point he enters upon political economy, and broaches those wild theories of commerce and labour which are now producing so much misery in France and are yet to lead to so much more. He talks of the establishment of federal banks, by which everybody is to be accommodated at the expense of everybody, and loans are to be regulated upon such impossible principles as these—

It is by the scale of intelligence and good conduct of the manufacturers, artizans, and tradesmen, rather than of their fortunes, that the banks calculate the credits they open with them; and these qualities are more simple of appreciation than their pecuniary circumstances. They are notorious in each district to all who are interested in them, especially where they are possessed in a remarkable degree, and the banks have the highest interest to be well informed on this point. The morality of the working classes is thus constantly and powerfully stimulated by the desire, the absolute necessity, of being upheld by the banks.

But the unfortunate bank directors are to do a great deal more than this; they are to be arbitrators between master and man.

The intervention of the federal bank in its capacity of a limited partner easily furnishes the means of regulating the amount of wages and the hours of work, in the most equitable manner, for both master and workmen. It is enough to set the example through the enlightened and respectable men whose business it protects. Nobody can successfully oppose the vast resources at its disposal; and its elevated position secures it against any imputation of mean and narrow-minded prejudice; besides, it has no selfish passions to gratify, being but the instrument of the federal congress, to whom it is responsible for its actions.

Other doctrines, equally wild, follow.

The bank imposes on the masters it is connected with the obligation of sharing a part of their profits with all their workmen, agents, foremen, and others, according to their importance and good conduct in the business. This share, added to their daily wages, and dependent on the success of the establishment, identifies with its prosperity all those employed in it; their ability, zeal, and moral conduct appear every month by their own little books, which thus testify the exact value of every man, wherever he may present himself. The operation of these measures on the intellectual and moral development of the working classes was instantly obvious to every one, and generally adopted.

Of course, amid all these changes, Poland has resumed her freedom; Greece has become a great republic; Russia has seized upon Turkey, and is in strict alliance with England (!) and against these united powers of military despotism and commercial monopoly all the rest of the world is to take up arms, and by excluding England from the markets of the Continent to ruin her!

In the meanwhile there have been due calamities in America, consequent upon a revolt of the slaves; but emancipation has been granted at last, and then all is prosperity and happiness. The Indian Empire of Great Britain no longer exists; and China has been modernised. Such is to be the state of the world 100 years hence!

BIOGRAPHY.

The Eerie Laird: being the only authentic History of the Person so called by Tradition in Scotland; and of the remarkable parts enacted by him and other European adventurers in the East Indies, during the Civil Wars for the Throne of the Great Mogul, about the middle of the Seventeenth Century. London, 1848. Newby.

We have read stupider works than this; but few more tiresome. Though not a foolish book, or, as far as mere grammar is concerned, an ill-written one, it is entirely deficient in one of the capital requisites of all literary composition; we mean that life-giving but indefinable spirit, without which any work is a mere uninteresting assemblage of words and notions.

The *Eerie Laird* contains ample materials, out of which an interesting fiction might have been wrought; but it is a mere rude chaos with hardly one perfect form or vivid idea standing out from the inextricable confusion. The scene of the tale is laid in India, as the title announces, and a very picturesque and, to Europeans, most interesting era of the history of this romantic country has been selected for illustration. There is a multiplicity of incidents, and a great variety of characters; but the first are so crowded, and told in so laboured a manner, that they only serve to fatigues us, and the last are so dimly rather than faintly conceived, and so very imperfectly portrayed, that we feel throughout oppressed with the toil of endeavouring to realise them.

The most common circumstance related by a man of genius possesses a charm. Such is the author's total want of the power to invest any subject with interest, that we yawn in the midst of a tiger-hunt, and can scarcely peruse the account of a battle upon which depends the fate of an empire, as well as of all the characters in whom we *ought to be* interested. We remember some years ago to have read in *Elphinstone's History of India* the narrative of the rebellion and civil wars of the children of SHAH TCHAN, and could not but contrast the clear and vivid impression we then received with that produced by the laboured details of the work before us. It is quite provoking to note the many excellent opportunities for effective scenes which the author lets slip—the many *good situations* of which he makes absolutely nothing.

The author's aim in this work appears to be to propound his opinions concerning Indian affairs—such as the payment of the company's servants, &c. We think he might have made his sentiments more effectually known by means of a plain statement than by the hints here dropped. We are also given to understand that the account of the policy, civil and military, and the descriptions of the battles of the seventeenth century, are intended as a sort of satire upon those of later times. Not being particularly conversant either with military tactics in the East or with Indian politics, we do not venture to pronounce an opinion with regard to the *point* of the comparison insinuated.

The author is evidently a *British Indian*, and entertains no mean idea of the merits of his class. He informs us that, in the seventeenth century,—

British Indians did not then exist to form, as now, a community by themselves, well-bred and intelligent, more generalised in mind, free from fanaticism, bigotry, and petty nationality.

Far be it from us to detract from the merits of *British Indians*. Many pleasant acquaintances have we had among them; but that they are superior to other classes of the com-

munity of equal standing, we can by no means admit. Their peculiar merits they doubtless have; but they have also, like all other classes, their peculiar faults. We make no doubt, however, that Anglo-Indian society is the most agreeable to an *Anglo-Indian*, upon the principle of the adage concerning birds of a feather.

Miss ROBERTS, in her graphic work on India, and the late Rev. Mr. ACLAND, in the pleasant little volume we had the pleasure of noticing a short time ago in the columns of *THE CRITIC*, do not present a remarkably attractive picture of the intellectuality or the liberal-mindedness of British society in the East.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Travels in Siberia; including Excursions, northwards, down the Obi, to the Polar Circle, and, southwards, to the Chinese Frontier. By ADOLPH ERMAN. Translated from the German by W. D. COOLEY. 2 vols. Longman and Co.

Or Siberia less is known than of any other country whose name is familiar, and very vague are the ideas commonly entertained of it. Associated with recollections of the story of *Elizabeth*, and the fact that it is the Botany Bay of Russia, it presents itself to the imagination as a bleak, barren, gloomy, prison-like country, with great black forests, bare, impassable mountains, eternal snow and frost, where summer never comes,—where civilisation is unknown, the charities of life do not exist, its comforts cannot be found, and its luxuries are unattainable. Such is the prevalent notion of a land that has been selected by the great Despotism as the place of exile for those who offend against its will.

But not such is the *real Siberia*, as described by M. ERMAN, who, uniting the qualities of the traveller and philosopher, undertook to explore the region thus clothed with terror to the thought, and who accomplished his task with a zeal and perseverance that reflect upon him infinite credit. Next to HUMBOLDT, we do not remember to have read such travels as these—so painstaking, so intelligent, so full of information, so fairly written, so free from prejudices, so truly philosophical where philosophy was properly called for, and so graphic where the duty was that of mere description and narrative. Before a third of the volume is read, one feels that here is a contribution to the standard library of geographical science; this an authority to which all future writers will turn for accurate accounts of the great country to which it is devoted.

The particular object of M. ERMAN was to investigate the assumed "existence of a Siberian magnetic pole; the perpetual congelation of the ground to a great depth at Yakutsk; and the decrease of the atmospheric pressure, as indicated by the barometer, towards Oktchotsk."

Every page of such a work presents material for extract, and we are perplexed by the very abundance of the choice. But inasmuch as it is a work which every book-club will of course procure, and which every reader will peruse, either bought or borrowed, we shall not attempt more than a selection of a few of the passages that most attracted us by their novelty of information, reserving another gleaning for our next number, should the present paralysis of publication continue to prevent the usual claims of the season upon the columns of a literary journal.

One of the tribes of Siberia is called

THE BASHKIRS.

There is no aboriginal Siberian tribe besides the Bashkirs of Perm and Orenburg, that now presents the interesting phenomenon of a mode of life regularly alternating from the nomadic to the fixed; every section of this community having a permanent village of wooden huts, on the borders of some wood, where they pass the winter. As soon as spring sets in, they betake themselves, with their horses and herds, to the plains. Each family has its tent-cloth of hair, which is rolled up and carried at a horseman's saddle. They rarely encamp quite separately, but unite into companies, and pitch their tents in military order. Their cattle wander where they will, and are only occasionally collected at their owners' dwellings. Horses are indispensable to the Bashkirs, who seem never to leave the saddle. Indefatigable and dexterous on horseback, they are indolent and indocile everywhere else. In the summer pastures the grass sometimes reaches to their saddle-girths, still the Bashkir never thinks of provision for the winter; the cattle must then sustain life on the stunted herbage that may appear through the snow, or on the remains of the summer fodder that rots on the dunghills. The only occupation of the men, in summer, is to drive the mares home to be milked; the management of every thing else is left to their wives. The foals are separated from the mares at an early age, and tethered near the tents, being never allowed to suck while the mares are feeding. The milk is received in leather bottles with a narrow neck, and left to ferment; it then constitutes the favourite beverage of the Bashkirs. Russians, who have had opportunities of proving its qualities, extol it, not only for its flavour, but its wholesomeness: many prefer it to every other sort of diet; and invalids frequently have recourse to it, with the best effect upon their health. This remedial agent enjoys the same repute here, in cases of consumption and diseases of the skin, as it does among the Kirgis, according to the report of Sievers. The Kirgis, as we afterwards learned, attribute a peculiar efficacy, in those cases, to the richness of their mutton; and should this observation prove correct, the cures experienced among the Bashkirs may be referred to their constant use of mutton. A kettle of it, cut into small pieces, hangs constantly over the fire, in their summer tents, and every visitor is presented with the favourite bishbarmak.

Fishing also is not neglected by the Bashkirs: whatever they take is dried for winter provision. They are exceedingly successful in training hawks, a smaller species of which is used for taking hares, while the greater (*Falco chrysætes*) will strike foxes, and even wolves. They do not confine themselves, however, to rearing hawks for their own necessities or pastime; but carry on a profitable trade in them with the Kirgis, who are even more passionately devoted to this sport than themselves, and who are always eager to purchase trained birds from the mountaineers. The average price of a well-trained hawk is estimated at fifty roobles.

At Tobolsk we find an interesting account of

SIBERIAN SCHOOLS.

The attempts to induce the aboriginal races in the neighbourhood to send their children to these schools have not been so successful in Tobolsk as to give these institutions all the importance of which they otherwise seem capable. It would evidently be an easy matter to adapt these mixed assemblages in such a way, for the thorough acquiring of the Asiatic languages, that European linguists would feel obliged to study in them as in universities. It would be then as easy for us to obtain a well-grounded, grammatical knowledge of the Kirgis, Ostyak, and Samoyede languages, as we can now acquire of the Tatar, of which an excellent dictionary was published at the beginning of the present century by M. Joseph Tigánof, who was the professor of the Tatar language in the public school at Tobolsk. Here, as in England, the first exercises in writing are given on a table covered with sand; but the teachers in Tobolsk maintain that this idea did not reach them from Europe, but from Irkutsk, in the neighbourhood of which place the

Lamas or priests of the Buräts have been long in the habit of employing this mode of instruction.

The barbarous habits of some of the tribes may be gathered from the following

HISTORY OF A KIRGIS BOY.

He told us how, when he was a lad of sixteen—and boding no good—he was enticed by his father from the steppe to the Siberian frontiers, and was there handed over to some Russian merchants in discharge of a debt of 180 roobles. He travelled with his new master to Tomsk, and being dismissed from thence, he entered immediately into the service of his present owner. The only tidings he had since received from his own home were, that his unnatural father had met with the punishment due to perfidy, being killed by some Russians with whom he had quarrelled. Perhaps for the sake of the appearance of revenging himself on fate, the otherwise good-natured man related, with rare glee, how he, too, had renounced the children whom he had reared at Tobolsk from his marriage, and had given them into servitude to other Russians. Among the inhabitants of the steppes, the trade in the human being is ever a favourite business. Cases, however, like the present, which display an unnatural want of feeling in parents, are of rarer occurrence. Sometimes the eldest son, on the death of the father, gets rid in this way of his sisters, the support of whom devolves on him; the kidnapping of children is generally the work of families at variance, who thus take revenge on one another. The Kirgis who are so numerous in service in Western Siberia, and those in Bokhara and the other Khanates, have been all carried off in this way. Those Kirgis, in particular, who attend the merchants of Bokhara through the steppes, have quite a passion for kidnapping their neighbours' children; and it is said, that in consequence, whenever a caravan in the steppe passes through an Aul, or inhabited place, the mothers, with the anxious bustle of cackling hens, drive their children together into a felt tent or Kibitka, and there guard them from their itinerant fellow-countrymen. When they deal thus with their own kin and kind, it may naturally be expected that they will shew but little mercy to strangers who fall into their hands; and this supposition is confirmed by those Russians who have been carried off into the steppe, and have not been sold, as is generally their lot, to the inhabitants of the Khanates. Our Kirgis friend declared to me that he knew nothing of the custom attested to me previously, and by most credible witnesses, as existing in the little horde, of knocking Russian prisoners dexterously on the head in such a way as to blunt their intellects, and so render them less capable of effecting their escape. But, on the other hand, he described, as an eye-witness, a cruel practice, usual in his own tribe, and having the same object in view. When they have caught a Russian, and wish to retain him in servitude, they cut a deep flesh wound in the sole of his foot, towards the heel, and insert some horsehair in it. There is then no doubt that even when the wound is externally healed, he will abide for the rest of his life, by a leading rule of Kirgis national manners; for, as the Kirgis is always on horseback from choice, so the maimed Russian becomes a confirmed equestrian from the pain of walking.

Of the same race we have this further account:—

THE KIRGIS.

We had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the extremely sensitive temperament of the Kirgis by observing the individual of that nation whom we met with at Tobolsk. They are not only prolix in discourse, but they are led by a peculiar loquacity into frequent monologues or poetical improvisations, and the Russians very faithfully describe this propensity of their neighbours by the playful saying: "O' ni cho vidiat, to i břediat;" "Whatever they see gives birth to fancies." But the passionate character of the Kirgis, living in the Siberian towns, is often manifested in violent deeds of revenge and fearful anger, and hence they are often to be seen in the ostrog, or prison in Tobolsk, along with the Russian convicts who are to be sent

further east. The Kirgis may be distinguished from the Russians at first sight by the black hair, the dark sunburnt complexion, and small lively eyes between strongly projecting lids, and, indeed, by the whole cast of the countenance. They might be more easily confounded with the Tatars of Kasan, from whom they differ only in being less tall and well-proportioned, and in having the gait peculiar to horsemen. If, in spite of the constancy of this external character, and of the most intimate connection between the Tatar and Kirgis languages, the Kirgis are to be reckoned, in the higher ethnography, as belonging to a certain fair-complexioned and blue-eyed race, from which sprang also only the German and Sclavonian nations, it must be at least admitted, that the poor inhabitants of the steppes may at the present day be very aptly compared to an old knife with a new handle and a new blade.

ERMAN obtained an Ostyak guide, and assumed the Ostyak dress, before he ventured into that wild district. These people preserve their own language and manner, save in one curious particular; they always speak in Russian to Russian horses! The people on the coast clothe in fish skins.

These skins are very strong and air-tight, and when well rubbed with fat, it is possible that, as bad conductors of heat and cold, they may not be inferior to furs. In snowy weather, however, when the cold is less intense, they offer more security from wet than the latter. The disease of the eyes already mentioned prevailed here also, and added to the sickly looks of the people. Yet I saw one of the worst looking of these pygmies give proof of unexpected vigour, for he strung and drew the six-foot bow with the greatest facility and effect. He held the plane of the bow somewhat inclined towards the left, and, at the first offer, he struck with a blunt arrow the stem of a larch about 160 feet distant, near its top, about sixty feet from the ground.

The "roaming Samoyede" appears to have caused much sympathy in M. ERMAN, who fell in love with their idle, wandering manner of life. He has consequently given a very full description of them. This is the

COMMERCE OF THE SAMOYEDES.

They take the fur animals, not only by the ordinary artifices of traps and weapons adapted to every circumstance, but also by putting themselves as much as possible on an equality with the animals pursued, going on all-fours, and imitating the brutes in voice and clothing. They contribute by far the largest portion of the skins of the Polar bear brought to the fair of Oboorsk; and in consequence of their more intimate acquaintance with these animals, they do not regard them with the same dread as Europeans. The Samoyedes assert that the white bear far exceeds the black bear in strength and ferocity, while fully equal to it in cunning; yet, owing to his unwieldiness, they encounter it without fear, and always reckon on victory as certain. A man will often go singly against a Polar bear, eight feet long, without any other weapon than his knife, which he fastens to the end of a pole. In spring and autumn these animals are found on the ice, near the holes from which the seals come forth to breathe. There the bear covers himself up with snow, facing the hole, with one paw stretched into the water. The Samoyedes, at the same time, practise like artifice, for they, as well as the bears, conceal themselves near these openings; but they let the seals come out upon the ice, and then cut off their retreat by shoving a board over the hole. About midsummer, when the ice on the coast is broken up, white bears pass over in great numbers to the main land, where they find nothing to subsist on but a few mice. Some remaining on the floating ice islands, perhaps, can still procure seals. But beyond the Polar circle, they all collectively keep a strict fast for a season, for they lie motionless, rolled up in the snow near the sea shore, from the disappearance till the return of the sun. The black bears in Kamchatka experience

similar vicissitudes, for they too pass, in the course of the year, from the indulgence of great voracity to the scantiest fare, and then fast completely during the winter.

He asserts that exile to Siberia, unless accompanied with a sentence to hard labour, is exile merely. The offenders enjoy personal freedom.

THE EXILES OF SIBERIA.

Among the various tales circulated in Western Europe, respecting Siberia, may be reckoned the statement, that the exiles of this or some other description are obliged to hunt the sable or other fur animals. But, in truth, it is only in the Urallian mines and those of Nerchinsk, and in certain manufactures, that persons condemned to forced labour are ever seen, and several of the rioters whom we saw here in Beresov had already served a year of punishment in Nerchinsk. All the rest, and the great majority of the Russian delinquents, are condemned only to settle abroad; and, if they belong to the labouring classes, to support themselves: yet with this consolation, that instead of being serfs as heretofore, they become in all respects as free as the peasants of Western Europe. Political offenders, however, who belong, in Russia as elsewhere, generally to the upper classes, or those not used to manual labour, are allowed to settle only in the towns of Siberia, because the support allowed them by the government can thus reach them more easily.

I have often heard Russians who were intelligent and reflecting men, mention as a paradox which hardly admits of an explanation, that the peasants condemned to become settlers, all without exception, and in a very short time, change their habits, and lead an exemplary life; yet it is certain that the sense of the benefit conferred on them by the gift of personal freedom is the sole cause of this conversion. Banishment subservient to colonisation, instead of close imprisonment, is indeed an excellent feature in the Russian code; and though the substitution of forced labour in mines for the punishment of death may be traced back to Grecian examples, yet the improving of the offender's condition, by bestowing on him personal freedom, is an original as well as an admirable addition of a Russian legislator.

These are the

SAMOYEDE WOMEN.

There were several women in this company of Samoyedes, and, like our first fair acquaintance of that nation, they were all of diminutive stature. The men, on the other hand, were tall and slender; but, besides, the sexes were strikingly distinguished by their dress; for while among the Ostyaks, the shape of the park and malitza is the same for men and women, here the garment of the male is always made to open at the breast, while the women, on the other hand, wear a short pelisse; which, without the Ostyak hood, reminds me, by its appearance, of the old Russian saraphan, and is made of various coloured skins of dogs, wolves, and gluttons (*Ursus gulo*), sewed together; nay, is often adorned with stripes of European cloth. A glutton's tail hangs down at the back of this garment; and, furthermore, these finery-loving dames wear, instead of the veil of the Ostyak women, a hat of similarly varied furs, with broad lappets falling down at both sides, and on the back of the neck, and which bears some resemblance to a European helmet, as well as to certain head-dresses of the Tatars and Buräts. And then their hair, hanging down behind in queues beyond the hat, is the object of particular care. They fasten to these queues metallic ornaments of every kind, which jingle at the least move. But the Samoyede women, in complying with this fashion, think nothing too costly; and I saw a woman here wearing, at the end of her tresses, along with a number of iron and brass rings, the lock of a musket, rusty indeed, but in other respects quite perfect. These tent Samoyedes employ reindeer alone for draught, and a number of little dogs which I saw with them here were not intended for harness, but only for the women, who kill them for the sake of their skin. They were all still young, and though from this circumstance it was impossible to form a

judgment as to the regular full-grown size of the variety, yet it was obvious that they belonged to a breed totally different from that of the Ostyak dogs. They had all long hair, of a fox-red colour, which I had never seen among the dogs of the Obi. They differed from the latter in their behaviour also, for they flew at strangers, and kept yelping at them in shrill tones. It can hardly be doubted that this breed is derived from foxes, and not, like that of the Ostyaks, from wolves.

Thus do the Ostyaks take the wolves:—

Of all the wolves, none are prized so much as those killed east of this place by the Ostyaks of the Yenisei, because their very long and soft hair gives them a great superiority over what are called the forest and steppe wolves of middle Siberia. The beauty of these beasts of prey seems to increase in the same proportion as the number of wild reindeer frequenting the tundras, for those shy tenants of the wilds are particularly numerous between the Obi and the Yenisei, and the Ostyaks of that region are famed for their dexterity in killing or in catching them. Tying leather cords between the tops of the antlers of their tame deer, they turn the animals loose, one by one, in the neighbourhood of a herd of wild deer; these do not fail to attack the strangers, and their antlers becoming entangled in the cords during the contest, they are held fast by the tame deer till the men arrive. These Ostyaks know also how to plant spring bows, which send the arrow against the animal's breast.

These are the

SAMOYEDE SUPERSTITIONS.

When a man dies and the body has been buried with a hart and a reindeer for use in the next life (which is done here as well as among the Samoyedes), with a tinder-box, and, among the Nisovian Ostyaks, with a pipe and tobacco, they make his relatives form a rude wooden image representing, and in honour of, the deceased, which is set up in their yurt and receives divine honours for a greater or less time, as the priest directs. The Shaman pretends to discover, by examining the dead body, by divinations and adjurations, the cause of death, which he sometimes pronounces to be God's love for the deceased, sometimes the sins of the latter. To the women particularly is entrusted the service of these family saints. At every meal they set an offering of food before the image; and should this represent a deceased husband, the widow embraces it from time to time, and lavishes on it every sign of attachment. Where the popular usages have not been disturbed, this kind of worship of the dead lasts about three years, at the end of which time the image is buried. But when a Shaman dies, this custom changes, in his favour, into a complete and decided canonisation; for it is not thought enough that, in this case, the dressed block of wood which represents the deceased should receive homage for a limited period, but the priest's descendants do their best to keep him in vogue from generation to generation; and by well-contrived oracles and other arts, they manage to procure offerings for these their family penates, as abundant as those laid on the altars of the universally acknowledged gods. But that these latter also have an historical origin; that they were originally monuments of distinguished men, to which prescription and the interest of the Shamans gave by degrees an arbitrary meaning and importance, seems to me not liable to doubt; and this is, furthermore, corroborated by the circumstance, that of all the sacred yurts dedicated to these saints, which have been numerous from the earliest times in the vicinity of the river, only one has been seen (nevr Sámarovo) containing the image of a woman. When we consider attentively the life of the Ostyak, divided between hunting, fishing, and travelling far and wide, it is easy to understand that, here, the man is immeasurably more important than the woman, and, consequently, has a weightier claim to the grateful homage of posterity.

Ortik, Yelan, Long, and Meik are the proper names of some of these deified beings. The first of these, Ortik, possesses a peculiar interest for Europeans, for he is found in Hungary changed

into Ordög, the proper name there given to the Devil. It was on the conversion of the Majars to Christianity, no doubt, that they were taught this new application of the old name, for the Ortik of their Ostyak kinsmen is a beneficent being, a particular favourite of Toruim, and a friendly mediator on every occasion. His image, like that of all the other heroes, is only a bust without legs. The face is usually made of a hammered plate of metal nailed upon wood; the body is a sack stuffed with hair and skins, and with two linen sleeves sewed to it for arms. The whole figure is dressed in a linen frock, and is placed on a table with the sword and spear beside it. The Ostyaks make it offerings of furs, from which they occasionally borrow also to pay the yasak, in case of necessity. The images of Yelan are very like those of Ortik, but are generally distinguishable by the peaked shape of the head. They are often dressed with a cap made of black dog-skin, and the body is sometimes of bare wood, sometimes wrapped in linen. This is the god in honour of whom they perform the armed dance above described. The part which Long plays is more peculiar, for every rare and esteemed art is under his protection, and the Ostyaks in consequence apply to him epithets, which the Russians conceive to be most adequately translated by the word *mastuir*, i.e. master. Along with other arts, he presides over that of healing; but the offerings made to him by the sick must consist only of productions of art; furs are expressly excluded. The bits of cloth of every kind which the Ostyaks procure in the course of their traffic for this purpose, they stuff into the sack which forms the larger portion of the idol; and this is furnished, characteristically enough, with one of those kushaks or girdles which, with their metal ornaments, are specially fitted to represent foreign art; but, instead of the small studs which serve to adorn the girdle of mortals, large, flat buttons of silver, if possible, are sewed on the girdle of Long.

A malignant and, perhaps, somewhat more allegorical character is ascribed to Meik, for it is conceived to be his fault if a man loses his way in the woods or during a snow-storm; and, in such cases, promises of worship and offerings are sure to be made to his image by the Ostyaks. The block which represents him is dressed, without further decoration, in a park (vol. I. p. 48) of beaver skins. If the statement be true that, in former times, there were to be seen in some of the sacred yurts of the Verkhovian Ostyaks metal mirrors set before the idols, as in the Buddhist temples, for the purpose of consecrating the water by reflecting on it the image of the god, we need not be surprised at finding such a mixture in so flexible a ritual as that of the Shamans. At the present day, however, the Nisovian Ostyaks have no knowledge of such a custom. Respecting the rich and remarkable offerings which the Ostyaks deposit at their holy places, many strange stories are told here in Ondorsk. It is said that silver coins, nay, even wrought gold and silver, are to be found among them; and that the value of such deposits has sometimes amounted to 10,000 roobles. The pilage of them is strictly prohibited by the Russian government, and a Kosak, convicted of an act of sacrilege of this kind, is condemned to labour in the mines. Besides making these gifts, the Ostyaks sacrifice also a great number of reindeer, and always in the manner of a bloody atonement; for with deliberate cruelty, they kill the animals slowly, by stabbing them in different parts of the body, or suffocate them by repeatedly plunging them in water.

We shall return to these volumes for one more gathering.

FICTION.

The Young Man's Home; or, The Penitent Returned. By the Rev. RICHARD COBOLD, Author of "Mary Anne Wellington," &c. London: Saunders and Otley. This is one of the religious blunders which pious men are apt to commit under the guise

of fiction. Our notions of moral advancement are different from Mr. COBBOLD's, and we candidly avow that we have no confidence in a system that shall teach by negatives merely. Decorum and charity alike command that we be lenient toward the vices of our fellows. Solemnly and seriously to attempt a cure of their errors by holding them up to ridicule and contempt, is a great mistake. The antagonism which such a course begets only tends to increase and perpetuate the practice which forms the object of attack.

The sin of "crying down" is vastly on the increase. Those who call themselves the special advocates of our faith have joined in a wholesale crusade against innocent pleasures and natural enjoyments. The standard of holiness adopted is such as to sweep from the face of the earth all that does not exhibit the sounding brass and tinkling symbol of puritanism. It is not allowed that the essence of goodness can be breathing in and through men's actions, though no distinct or vaunting profession holds it up to the mirror of admiration. The unostentatious religion of feeling and sentiment is accounted as nothing in comparison with that which slips glibly from the tongue, but enters not into the business of life.

We attribute to its authors no *desire* to extend this blunder. They are the unconscious victims of their own prejudices. We believe them to be in the main well-intentioned. But their puritanism is, nevertheless, injurious, and to discriminating minds their industry and piety are so much waste land lying at the roadside of intellect. Were it not for this activity in depreciating all other men and all other models than the standard himself has adopted, Mr. COBBOLD's tale would be very tolerable. As it is, one forgets its truthfulness, and loses sight of the moral it points, because it provokes to a discussion on the equity of its denunciations and the wisdom of its attempts to cast discredit where, if wrong be committed, error, and not wilful obstinacy, is the evil to be deplored. It is too direct an attack on the right of private judgment to deserve our commendation.

The tale is a very simple one. Perhaps we might more properly term it a narrative, as it is in fact the record of the life of a clergyman's son. Robert Worthy slights all maternal lessons, and the flattery and persuasions of designing companions whom college life brought him in contact with were adopted in the stead. Robert runs a rapid and alarming life of dissipation. His wickedness and neglect so weigh upon the mind of his parent that the old man dies broken-hearted. Robert spends all his substance and then returns to his native village to repent his misdeeds, and ultimately dies at the cottage of his nurse, the successor of his father attending to console his last moments. There is much minuteness of detail, and the pages are illustrated by sketches from Mr. COBBOLD's own pencil.

As we have before said, we should not object to this tale but for the wholesale manner in which it decries others whose code of life happens to differ from that which the author practises. Thus, alluding to children and their innocent habits, it is remarked—

Happy hearts always sing! Oh, not the sickly airs got up for the midnight theatre, where the praises of men alone can repay the poor aspirant for fame and wealth. That simplicity which, when truly seen in nature, is by the worldly-minded disregarded, but when imitated in the vortex of dissipation seems so exquisitely enchanting,—that simplicity in which the heart expands to the Creator, amidst his glorious works, produces a song such as angels rejoice in, but which the wicked and the worldly can never appreciate.

Though there is some truth in this passage there is more of prejudice and more still of specious exaggeration and assumption. A teacher should see in the efforts of his contemporaries at least a good and pleasing intention. All are but workers for one great end, and religion and music under any garb, and pleasure and piety in any guise, are but agents whose mission tends to the same bourn. True devotion countenances not illiberality, such as is here displayed.

There is some absurd verbiage in the work. As a literary production merely, it is deficient. There is often an unnecessary and inelegant repetition of the same phrase, and some of the soliloquies are especially ridiculous. For instance, when Robert Worthy returns to his native village, he is made to say—

Home, home!—this is the home of my fathers! Here they lie, here they lie! Ah, me! ah, me! When, when shall I be at rest?

And so on for a page or two, strongly reminding us of the impetuous and desponding utterances of Baillie Nicol Jarvie, when he hung suspended by the coat-tail with a yawning precipice beneath him. It smacks more of the ridiculous than the beautiful or the touching. Meant for pathos, it amounts to mere balderdash.

We should not have spent so much time upon this futile production, but that we are rather tenacious in condemning religious publications. But we hope we have shewn sufficient justification for the course we have adopted, and we trust that we may henceforth have to welcome an improved task, and an improved morality in the efforts of those who, by means of religious narratives, would make the world better and purer.

Captain Spike; or, The Islets of the Gulf.
By J. FENIMORE COOPER, Esq. Author
of "The Spy," &c. In 3 vols. London,
1848. Bentley.

CAPTAIN SPIKE, an American skipper, during the Mexican war has been seduced by an agent of the enemy to supply them with ammunition, and thus becomes a traitor to his country. He has also fallen desperately in love with the face and fortune of Rose Budd, the daughter of his old commander, and he persuades her aunt, Mrs. Budd, that a sea voyage would be of infinite benefit to the health of her niece, and at the same time he tells the niece that a trip to the tropics would alone save her aunt's life. By this coarse plot he hopes to take both to Mexico, and there, by entreaty or compulsion, obtain the hand of Rose. But his villainy is defeated after the regular fashion in novels. Rose has a lover whom she loves, and he is no other than Captain Spike's trusty mate, Henry Mulford, who discovers the design and mars the plot, acting as a sort invisible guardian angel to Rose and her aunt, and always coming to the rescue at the precise moment when he is wanted to prevent a catastrophe. In the end the Captain drowns his crew, is pursued, shot, and dies in a hospital, and Harry and Rose are happily united,—the aunt being got rid of by the convenient contrivance of throwing her overboard in the chase to lighten the ship.

Such is the meagre plot of this tame novel; but it is, of course, enlivened by some incidents of interest, and some descriptions of naval life and local scenery, or it would be unendurable. But in these, usually Cooper's forte, there is comparative failure. He has become wondrously prosy; his dialogues are dull and tedious, beyond any thing we have ever read, even in his previous performances. There is no spirit in the portraiture of his

characters—they are ill designed and feebly executed; and he seems altogether to have abandoned nature and probability in the order of events and the motives of actions. It is too plain that Mr. COOPER is exhausted. He has fairly written himself out, and for the sake of his own reputation, it would be wise in him to withdraw from labours to which he no longer is competent. He has done good service in his day; but his day has passed, and it is one virtue in an author to know the time at which he ought to retreat from the stage. The time has come and gone with Mr. COOPER; we have seen and noted it from year to year: each succeeding endeavour has been a more painful failure than its predecessor, and now the signs of decay are too palpable to escape the observation of the most cormorant patron of the circulating library.

Being such, we cannot recommend *Captain Spike* to be added to every library, as the name of the author on the title-page would appear to warrant. It is sure not to be a favourite, and therefore it would be imprudent in small libraries, having comparatively few readers, to incur the cost of purchasing it. The larger establishments, who are obliged to have every new novel, could not, of course, avoid adding this to their catalogue. But even with them it will not be a profitable addition; they should not venture upon more than a single copy.

A few spirited scenes are scattered about at long intervals. One of the best is perhaps the following description of

A TORNADO.

This dialogue between Harry and Rose occurred just after the turn in the day, and it lasted fully an hour. Each had been too much interested to observe the heavens; but, as they were on the point of separating, Rose pointed out to her companion the unusual and most menacing aspect of the sky in the western horizon. It appeared as if a fiery heat was glowing there, behind a curtain of black vapour; and what rendered it more remarkable was, the circumstance that an extraordinary degree of plaidy prevailed in all other parts of the heavens. Mulford scarce knew what to make of it, his experience not going so far as to enable him to explain the novel and alarming appearance. He stepped on a gun, and gazed around him for a moment. There lay the schooner, without a being visible on board of her, and there stood the lighthouse, gloomy in its desertion and solitude. The birds alone seemed to be alive and conscious of what was approaching. They were all on the wing, wheeling wildly in the air, and screaming discordantly, as belonged to their habits. The young man leaped off the gun, gave a loud call to Spike at the companion-way, and sprang forward to call all hands. One minute only was lost, when every seaman on board the *Swash*, from the captain to Jack Tier, was on deck. Mulford met Spike at the cabin-door, and pointed toward the fiery column that was booming down upon the anchorage with a velocity and direction that would now admit of no misinterpretation. For one instant that sturdy old seaman stood aghast; gazing at the enemy as one conscious of his impotency might have been supposed to quail before an assault that he foresaw must prove irresistible. Then his native spirit, and most of all the effects of training, began to shew themselves in him; and he became at once, not only the man again, but the resolute, practised, and ready commander. "Come aft to the spring, men," he shouted—"clap on the spring, Mr. Mulford, and bring the brig head to wind." This order was obeyed as seamen best obey in cases of sudden and extreme emergency—or, with intelligence, aptitude, and power. The brig had swung nearly round in the desired direction, when the tornado struck her. It will be difficult, we do not know but it is impossible, to give a clear and accurate account of what followed. As most of our readers have doubtless felt how great is the power of the wind whirling and pressing different ways in sudden

and passing gusts, they have only to imagine this power increased many, many fold, and the baffling of the currents made furious, as it might be, by meeting with resistance, to form some notion of the appalling strength and frightful inconstancy with which it blew for about a minute.

Notwithstanding the circumstances of Spike's precaution had greatly lessened the danger, every man on the deck of the *Swash* believed the brig was gone when the gust struck her. Over she went, in fact, until the water came pouring in above her half-ports, like so many little cascades, and spouting up through her scupper-holes, resembling the blowing of young whales. It was the whiffing energy of the tornado that alone saved her. As if disappointed in not destroying its intended victim at one swoop, the tornado "let up" in its pressure, like a dexterous wrestler, making a fresh and desperate effort to overturn the vessel by a slight variation in its course. That change saved the *Swash*; she righted, and even rolled in the other direction, or what may be called to windward, with her decks full of water. For a minute longer these baffling changing gusts continued, each causing the brig to bow like a reed to their power, one lifting as another pressed her down; and then the weight or the more dangerous part of the tornado was passed, though it continued to blow heavily, always in whiffing blasts, several minutes longer. During the weight of the gust, no one had leisure or indeed inclination to look to aught beyond its effect on the brig. Had one been otherwise disposed, the attempt would have been useless, for the wind had filled the air with spray, and near the islets even with sand. The lurid but fiery tinge, too, interposed a veil that no human eye could penetrate. As the tornado passed onward, however, and the wind lulled, the air again became clear; and in five minutes after the moment when the *Swash* lay nearly on her side, with her lower yard-arm actually within a few feet of the water, all was still and placid around her, as one is accustomed to see the ocean in a calm of a summer's afternoon. Then it was that those who had been in such extreme jeopardy could breathe freely and look about them. On board the *Swash* all was well; not a rope-yarn had parted, or an eye-bolt drawn. The timely precautions of Spike had saved his brig; and great was his joy thereat.

Emilia Wyndham. By the Author of "Two Old Men's Tales." London: Simms and M'Intyre. We reviewed this novel at some length when it made its first appearance in three volumes, at the cost of 30s. or so. All of our readers who remember the terms on which we spoke of it will hasten to purchase it now that it can be procured in the "Parlour Library" for a shilling!

Roy Roy. By Sir WALTER SCOTT. In 2 vols. Edinburgh: Cadell.

ANOTHER of the new edition of the "Waverley Novels," now issuing at a price that enables the poorest to obtain them, and in a form the most acceptable for books that are to be read rather than referred to. They can be held in the hand without weariness, and perused without paining the eye, the size being a small octavo, and the print bold and clear. Two beautiful engravings illustrate each volume, and they are so bound as to be drawing-room-table books.

EDUCATION.

Examples in Algebra. By the Rev. WILLIAM COLENZO, M. A. London, 1848. Longman and Co.

A COLLECTION of Examples, intended to be a companion to the author's *Schoolbook on Algebra*, to be put into the student's hands as soon as he has finished his first course, in order to exercise him in the matter he has gone through. They appear well adapted to their purpose.

The Book of Fable and Allegory. London: Burns.

A COLLECTION of those most attractive of all forms of moral lessons for children, made with judgment,

some selected, some original, and profusely illustrated with woodcuts. The volume should be added to all juvenile libraries.

Scott's First Books in Science. 1. *An Elementary Treatise on Algebra.* 2. *Progressive Exercises in English Composition.* London, 1848. Scott.

WE prefer the Exercises in Composition to the Algebra. The former appears to us as more than usually difficult; but the latter has adopted a very excellent system for teaching that to which we scarcely know of any other guide. The author proceeds by steps from simple to complex sentences, and then he shews how the same sentence may be varied by different forms of expression. Then follow some exercises in which the pupil is required to perform the same office, and put into another shape the sentence prescribed by the master. This little book may be consulted with advantage by many who fancy themselves accomplished writers.

RELIGION.

Claims of the Church of Rome considered, with a view to Unity. London: Darling.

ANOTHER pamphlet by the same author. In his anxiety for Unity, as the only hopes of peace and prosperity in the Christian world, the author here endeavours to shew how it may be accomplished. He proposes a junction between the Churches of Rome and England, by means of the former submitting to a pretty extensive reformation, and the latter consenting to make some advances towards Romanism. The project appears feasible enough upon paper. But there are insurmountable difficulties in practice. Rome cannot make any change without abandoning her claim to infallibility, and to resign that would be to descend at once from her position. But there is so much that is ingenious, interesting, and suggestive in this pamphlet, that it will well repay perusal. They are the desires of a good man and a sincere Christian, however we may deem them impracticable.

The Sure Hope of Reconciliation, to which is prefixed Proposals for Christian Union. By a Member of the Church of England. London: 1848. Darling.

CALM and earnest appeal in favour of Unity, by one who adopts principles which would probably be distasteful to the extremes of either of the parties into which the Church is unhappily divided. The author's bearings are decidedly Tractarian, but he gives reasons for the faith that is in him, and his eloquence is persuasive. The second portion is an historical sketch of the Reformation, which certainly gives it an aspect not altogether so pleasing as that in which it has been painted by some of its more enthusiastic contemporaries. The author of this pamphlet shews also the obverse of the medal, and it is right to hear both sides of every question. Probably the truth will be found to lie between the two.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Russian Sketch-Book. By IVAN GOLOVINE, Author of "Russia under the Emperor Nicholas I." In 2 vols. London, 1848. Newby.

WITH unrelaxed hatred of the Emperor of Russia, M. Golovine, who has probably endured some personal wrongs from the government, pursues his mission of exhibiting to Europe graphic pictures of the effects of despotic power upon the despot as well as upon the slave. Such a book may render more than common services at this time, when the consequences of mob-despotism may incline some persons, with the usual oscillation of feeble minds, to rush to the opposite extreme, and in their dread of anarchy to pray for autocracy. To the sensible and the sober thinking the effect of the contemplation of unlicensed power, whether under the name of liberty or

tyranny, or under the form of an Empire or a Republic, will be to make them love still more the constitution in which these opposing forces are kept in check by a middle class strong enough to suppress the ambition of either, and having enough of courage and skill to use their strength when occasion requires.

M. GOLOVINE has, in these volumes, adopted the form of fiction, or rather of a series of sketches to illustrate his descriptions of the effects of a despotism on individual character. In these his great enemy, the Emperor, is not spared. He is painted in the blackest hues of the author, whose skill in portraiture of that kind will be acknowledged by all who have read his former work. But the spirit of personal hostility has tempted him to exaggerations which mar the effect of many of his pictures. It is not fair to ascribe to the present Emperor things which are the manifest result of a condition of society that must have existed long before his accession, and which the lifetime of no one man could have reformed; nor is there any just reason for supposing that NICHOLAS, although naturally averse to any sweeping changes in a system which it is more easy to destroy than to reconstruct, is averse to improvement in any form. There is, indeed, cause to believe that, in fact, the Emperor of Russia is and must be as much the slave of the system as his subjects. He is certainly in advance of his people, and all history teaches us that to attempt reforms for which the people are not prepared is as fatal to the reformer as to lag too far behind their intelligence.

But with this single fault, these sketches of Russia are very interesting and instructive. They exhibit a condition of society which we find it difficult to realise to the imagination. An author rushing into exile that he may enjoy freedom of thought, and returning to almost certain death because he could not resist his longing after his native land; a lady flogged for a slight offence; the corruption of officials, unblushingly pursued through every grade from the highest to the lowest, are scenes so strange to us, who have tasted the blessings of liberty protected by law, and who require common honesty in the public service, that many readers will be disposed to think that such things could not be in this nineteenth century as are here set down. But all the accounts that are brought to us from Russia, even by those who most approve her policy, agree in the fact of the extraordinary corruption by which the entire system of government is conducted; and wherever that prevails, we may with confidence predicate an early decay of the system thus poisoned at its source and through all its streams. Perhaps the time is nigh when a great change will be made in this great empire. The spirit of revolution is not likely to perish upon her frontier; it will cross her rivers, and penetrate to her wilds, and will, no doubt, stir up the better classes of her subjects to demand reforms which it will be at once dangerous to despotism to grant and difficult to deny. Then will come the conflict between the new and the old ideas. How long it may be protracted it would be impossible to anticipate, for we have very imperfect knowledge of the elements that could be collected on either side; but if M. GOLOVINE has rightly represented the people, for a long time the odds would be against the reformers, and more than one generation of strife would be required to secure the ascendancy of liberal ideas. For the fact is, that Russia is not merely a despotism in its form of government; it is, in fact, a half-civilised country, and not as yet fitted for any other rule. We must be cautious, in forming any judgment of the state and prospects of

Russia, not to estimate it according to our own standards, nor to pronounce that as wrong there of which we should disapprove here. The ideas which have been in us the growth of centuries are there only in their germ, if they exist at all; and we must not expect a much more rapid progress of opinion in the vast steppes of central Russia, or among the barbarous tribes that own her sway, than we have witnessed in ourselves, with advantages of an insular situation, unity of language, manners, and race, and a territory over which information could be conveyed in a week. With these observations we commend Mr. GOLOVINE's Sketches to the perusal of our readers; and by way of shewing the sort of information they may expect, and his lively and graphic style, we conclude with a few passages.

SCOURGING A LADY.

A society was composed exclusively of ladies, of which Madame Veroff was the president, whose object it was to alleviate the sufferings of the Poles; and make, so far as might be, private atonement for the public crimes of the Russian nation against them. Of this society Bronine was the hidden spring, whose duty it was to point out those Poles worthy of being assisted. Politics were banished from this well organised charity, and for two years nothing happened to break the charm of imparting consolation or happiness, without pomp or ostentation; secrecy was preserved, and the persons who received succour knew not the hands that conferred it. But good actions cannot always remain concealed. Some Poles discovered the source of these benefits, and thought it their duty to thank Madame Veroff. Whether they neglected to use due precaution, or whether the vigilance of the Russian government had been by any other means excited, is unknown; but it is certain that their letters fell into the hands of the police. As they were written by persons deeply compromised, government determined to strike a blow, which should destroy similar attempts in their origin, and should prevent Madame Veroff from feeling disposed to engage again in such objects.

That lady was conducted in a close carriage to the office of the secret police, and as she was carelessly proceeding to the room of the chief of the establishment, a plank yielded under her step, a trap door opened, and her clothes being drawn upwards, and resting on the surface, her body descended up to the arms, which thus supported her. Thus exposed, she was violently scourged by some powerful and unknown arm, concealed in the infernal trap. We will draw a veil over the details; the pen refuses to trace them; the deed will remain as an eternal stigma upon a government which has no respect for the decencies of sex, which fears women no less than men, and inflicts upon them even more brutal chastisements. The punishment over, M. Derevneff approaching Madame Veroff promised the most inviolable secrecy as to what had happened, and recommended her preserving the same; advising her at the same time to be more on her guard in future.

Here is a terrible scene in

THE REVOLT OF THE PEASANTS.

At daybreak his carriage was harnessed and at the door. He got into it, accompanied by his wife and followed by the footmen, and drove towards the high-road. As they were turning a corner, his servant, who was mounted on the box, addressing his master, called out with an anxious voice—"Sir, the barn is on fire." Gestokoff ordered the carriage to stop, descended, and proceeded on foot to the spot. A crowd of peasants surrounded the building, and witnessed the progress of the flames with the most perfect indifference. Gestokoff called out to them to assist in extinguishing them. There was a movement in the crowd, but no one advanced; some smiled maliciously; others shook their heads, with an expression totally free from their usual characteristic of stupidity. An oath from the lips of their master, followed by an imperative command, roused them from their inactivity. They advanced to extinguish the flames with an air of unconcern.

All eyes were fixed on George; who, yielding to the magical effect of his master's orders, had also approached the fire, but who, seeing himself the object of universal attention, turned away. Andrew alone remained motionless. The paleness of his look proclaimed that he expected a crisis: his eye wandered about with uncertainty, when the voice of his master, crying out, "And you, fellow—what are you doing there?" made him slightly turn his head: he scarcely glanced at Gestokoff, but immediately fixed his look on the ground. Encouraged by his first success, and wishing to finish the business, Gestokoff advanced towards him, and said—"It is you to whom I am speaking." Andrew gazed at him with his cap on his head; a half sinister, half ironical smile played on his lips, never seen but in a serf roused to unaccustomed insubordination. "Will you assist in extinguishing the fire?" cried Gestokoff, aiming a blow at him intended to be decisive. It was so in effect, but not in the manner he expected. With one hand Andrew tossed his bonnet in the air—the sign of the outbreak of passion long restrained: an oath escaped his lips; it was savage and hollow, and came from the heart: with the other hand he seized his master by the body, and lifted him from the ground. "Into the fire with him!" cried George, who followed the scene with intense interest. "Into the fire with him!" cried the bystanders, drawing back, leaving a free current to the air; which, fanning the flames, caused them to extend to the roof and beams. Andrew stretched out his arm, and Gestokoff was pitched into the fire like a sack: he made an effort to escape, but the peasants seized him and hurled him back. "That is your road!" was uttered in a voice which shook the air. He appeared to add vigour to the flames, for they redoubled their violence, and swallowed up their prey. "Thank Heaven, we are rid of him!" was the cry. "That is not enough," cried George; "the female must join her mate: they will roast better in company." The valet of Gestokoff had in the mean time quitted his seat, and rather apprehending than seeing what was passing, invited his mistress to leave her carriage. The lady, pale and trembling, awaited the return of her husband, whose absence became prolonged. The servant had unharnessed one of the horses, to be ready either to seek assistance at the château or to escape in case of necessity. When he saw the crowd, howling and threatening, rushing towards the carriage without his master, he perceived no time was to be lost: taking his mistress in his arms, he placed her on horseback, mounted behind her, and set off at full gallop. The savage shouts of the peasants increased at the escape of their anticipated victims. George cried out—"To horse, and follow them!" He was immediately obeyed: the valet was still in sight with his burden, when a dozen peasants, armed with pitchforks and axes, followed at full speed in pursuit. But the lackey's horse left far behind him the poor diminutive cattle of the peasants. Their eagerness diminished as their numbers fell off; and after some versts were cleared George, James, and Andrew alone continued the pursuit. For about twenty versts they kept their prey in sight; but that distance won, it was lost to view, and they were forced to return. The servant, still fancying himself pursued, continued at the utmost speed till he reached the town. The horse sank with fatigue on their arrival there; and the valet, scarcely able to stand, lifted off his mistress, who had remained in a state of insensibility the whole of the time. Exhausted and bruised, she was left for dead at the hotel; and though she revived after a time, she was seized with an illness which lasted many months.

We conclude with a specimen of the administration of

RUSSIAN JUSTICE.

Mr. M. had, during his lifetime, given his freedom to Nathalie's father, but from gratitude as much as from habit, this worthy man continued to serve his master. The fact is not singular; serfs are often met with in Russia who, not knowing how to enjoy liberty, have refused it. When Madame M— married J—, and settled her fortune on him Nathalie who in fact was free, continued in

the service of her mistress, and attended her with a zeal not usual among serfs, who in general only obey because constrained to do so. J— quickly distinguished her from among the other female servants, but it was for the vilest of purposes, which he cared not to conceal, as he never attempted to effect his objects by gentle or persuasive means. He spoke to Nathalie of his wishes in the tone of a master; she answered him as a free woman, without expressing anger or contempt, but with the firmness inspired by unwavering virtue. She told him she was free to give herself to the man who pleased her; but that he was too old and too brutal to inspire her with love. This refusal mortified a tyrant but little accustomed to meet with obstacles, and resistance only increased his desires. He resolved to deprive Nathalie of her freedom to punish her resistance, and subdue her to his wishes. He sent for her one day, and presenting to her a stamped paper, desired her to sign it, saying it was a form necessary to secure her position. Nathalie, guided by the distrust with which the wicked ever inspire those around them, answered that, "Mr. M— had done everything needful, and she did not choose to change, or add to his precautions in her regard whether they were sufficient or not." Instinct guided her rightly; for the act J— had required her to sign was a full and entire renunciation of her freedom, drawn up in so ambiguous and vague a style that she would not have understood it; and wisely she acted in obeying the secret voice which restrained her hand. J— insisted, but in vain; Nathalie would not withdraw her refusal, and her master drove her from his presence, telling her that she should shortly learn the effect of her disobedience. He immediately carried his threat into execution; drew up a complaint addressed to the tribunal, and demanded that Nathalie should be punished for her insubordination. Despairing, he said, of reducing her to obedience, he gave the authorities full power to dispose of her according to their pleasure, adding, he should be delighted to get rid of her, provided she were punished as an example to intimidate other rebellious serfs, the number of whom, on his own as well as his neighbours' estates, was on the increase.

The judges were in the pay of J—, who had continual business with them, and was constantly giving them gratifications and splendid presents. They went through a form of trial, and without hearing Nathalie's defence, or looking at her act of emancipation, sentenced her to the pelite (the lash) for having rebelled against her lawful and benignant master. Taking into consideration the power given to each proprietor of banishing his serfs to Siberia, they added this punishment to their original sentence. It was carried into effect with closed doors. Nathalie was fastened to a sort of bench with two holes, through which the prisoner passes the arms. One man seated himself on her neck, another on her legs. The executioner and assistants experienced a savage pleasure in mutilating the fair flesh, which would have inspired any other men with pity and admiration. The vile wretches whom vice could no further degrade, were delighted to disfigure the body of a woman they knew to be innocent. When they cut her with the lash till her person was one mass of wounds, they carried her fainting and bleeding to the hospital. The head surgeon, a good and humane man, knowing too well the evils pressing on society not to feel indignant at those which man wilfully inflicts on his neighbour, and wishing to see the punishment of the culprit, led Mr. Bettitschef, who had been sent to inspect the government of Koursk, and who came to visit the hospital, to the sick girl's bed. Nathalie, apprised beforehand of his visit, threw herself at his feet, and related how she had been punished for refusing to yield to the criminal wishes of her master. Bettitschef made his report, while yet under the influence of the revolting spectacle. Will it reach the ears of the Emperor, the only redresser of wrongs, the chivalrous guardian of justice in Russia? We know not. Nathalie has recovered from her wounds, and has been marched off to Siberia, while her barbarous and cruel master pursues his iniquitous career.

Recollections of Rugby. By an Old Rugbyan. London, 1848. Hamilton and Co.

ATTACHMENT to the haunts of our schoolboy days is one of the most vivid and lasting of our affections. It grows with age, and time, which weakens most of our other emotions, but strengthens this. Hence, to all who have been educated at Rugby, this little volume will come full of recollections of happy days "when life was in its spring," and *hope* had lost some of her brilliant hues under the rude grasp of reality. To others, who have no such associations with Rugby, and ourselves among them, the book has not such a source of interest; but they to whom it is specially addressed will doubtless not only be numbered among its patrons, but among its admirers. It is written in the right spirit, trusting more for its effect to substance than to show.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

The Journeyman Joiner; or, the Companion of the Tour of France. By GEORGE SAND. Translated by F. GEO. SHAW. New York: William H. Graham.*

In former days, when the productions of the press were somewhat rare, a critic thought it unbecoming the dignity of his office to meddle with those devoid of artistic merit, as they were sure to be so soon cast down the current of oblivion, that the thing might be forgot,—be out of mind before his denunciation should be forthcoming: now, on the contrary, such is the rapidity of composition, such the avidity for all kinds of mental excitement, that inferior and objectionable aliments will find a good demand, rather than the public forego its eager cry of "Give, give." Since the days of the Revolution, the crude and exciting theories of France have found a ready response upon this side of the water. Our people, outraged by the political oppression of Great Britain, recoiled so far from her sympathies, that they threw themselves into the arms of a more subtle, and, in the long run, more dangerous enemy to human good—an enemy whose elegant sensuality, whose casuistical morals, and enfeebling Protean sentimentalism, are far more destructive to national greatness than the downright injustice, tangible tyranny, and surly arrogance of the English.

Our colonial training had suppressed somewhat the egotism of the people, lowered the sentiment of pride, and in its place heightened the approbative quality, which of itself brought us into nearer affinity with the French than the English; and thus has been created a large class who reject the sturdy elements of our Anglo-Saxon character, and harmonize more readily with the lighter and more speculative modern Gallican. Probably this tendency is so fixed, we are so fairly *en route* for Progress, that nothing will countervail to arrest us. We must patiently take the jargon of French Jacobinism for superior and practical wisdom; and swallow the grossness and licentiousness of the French novelists, because we have translators who delight in such "journey work" (we dare not use the epithets which spring to our pen), and readers whose vitiated taste and whose dull imaginations require the excitement thus prepared for them.

Of the present work of GEORGE SAND, which is but the prelude to a forthcoming continuance of the same material—so we are informed by our author—one hardly knows whether it is designed to be one of serious import, or only an experiment upon the patience and gullibility of the public. We remember hearing of a pleasant blunderer in the use of words who proposed having a *serpentine* walk straight up to his front door, and the elaborate circumlocutions, the misty and inflated floundering of GEORGE SAND upon her little inch of socialism, bring us up at once to the straight fact of the front door. DR. JOHNSON was once very much mortified at a dream in which he found himself worsted by his antagonist in an argument; but the good DR. upon awakening soothed his discomfited self-esteem by the reflection that he provided the weapons for his own defeat: so it is with this ingenious

lady politician, she so happily and adroitly knocks over all her own arguments, if such they can be called, that we are in doubt whether, after all, she meant any thing serious in the whole matter. There is plenty of thunder and lightning, as SCHILLER said of Madame de STAEL's *Germany*, but, unlike the STAEL, GEORGE SAND seems to be guiltless of an aim, or, having lived in the mistiness of her own speculations, mistakes an explosion amid her fogs for a thunder-blast, at which Jura shall call to the listening Alps.

Of the principles of Socialism which she ostensibly wishes to advocate, we have no time here to speak; we say "ostensibly," for the result of her work leaves an irresistible doubt upon the mind whether, after all, GEORGE SAND is not a crafty woman who is casting the hopeful scheme into contempt; who, amid her glittering bombast about equality, means to give the whole thing a "stab under the fifth rib," while at the same time she smilingly questions, "Art thou in health, my brother?" The very means which she upholds to promote this equality—that of associations, secret societies, &c.—take but the first step, and then give the death-blow to the very equality for which they are stickling. They create grades and dignitaries, and these can, from the nature of things, be accessible only to the few. Here, at once, we have an inner and a higher range; and what does it matter to the man, the true man, whether this higher grade belongs to the great world, with which he comes in contact only incidentally, or whether this higher grade be occupied by the man at his elbow?

The great struggle of humanity is to prevent evils from becoming like encrusted lava, deadening and sterile. Every phase of society, such is the infirmity of our nature, must develop a new evil, and certain elements tending to abuse; and we must watch vigilantly that these do not envelop the body politic with Laocoön folds—that provisions, once salutary, do not survive their time, and become oppressive: but inequalities must and will prevail where man is. Superior wisdom, superior sagacity, superior power, any way, must and will gain an ascendancy of influence, wealth, or aggregate importance; and it is only as our humanity is trained to the highest good, as taught by the precepts of Jesus, that evils will not accrue from this natural action.

It is curious to read the crudities thrust out in the shape of attacks upon human society by the advocates of "Progress."

Society exists everywhere—amongst the savage and the civilised—it is no monster erected by collusion and tyranny to entrap and oppress the helpless and dependent; but a state springing naturally from the action of human qualities: and till we are made angels, abuses will creep in; and it is no less the legitimate action of human qualities to watch vigilantly for the appearance of these abuses, and apply the remedy out of those same faculties. Theory is a very beautiful thing—it has its use likewise, namely, to keep alive in the human mind the standard of completeness, of perfection; but men go on, evolving new forms of society, and the Ideal of Theory becomes inappropriate; and amid the bustle and urgency of their own needs, men create that which their circumstances demand.

What shall we say then? are the dreams of the Poet, the Philosopher, and the Philanthropist never to be realised? Can nothing be done? Is our beautiful enthusiasm but a mockery? God forbid! Herein rests our Conservatism, "this is the salt of the earth," this is the Ark containing the Covenant between us and our God, from which we read now and then a great truth that shall throw light upon our path; this is the pillar of cloud which in the black and terrible night of human need sends forth its hidden light to guide and cheer. But the question comes back, shall we achieve nothing? Will not the great masses rise from their debasement, and the rich and the powerful abate their arrogance in the face and eyes of a merciful Heaven? Do we labour, and hope, and pray for naught? Is our labour vain? Again we would say, God forbid! we shall do much, very much individually; collectively, somewhat. We must take the child upon its mother's knee, and turn its eyes heavenward first,

and then lead them with a great human love earthward, and in this way a new nationality will be created, by which men will cease to hurt and destroy. But the time is far distant, and we must still cling to our aspiration as the means of holding the truth a fixed element in the soul.

If GEORGE SAND be truly an advocate for Socialism, she is far from recommending its theories: she has too little coherency, too little of concise, synthetic, and analytic power to be of effectual aid in any cause; while the preponderance of an imagination stimulated by qualities at variance with a high elevation of views renders the atmosphere she creates one to be at once distrusted.

We have said we are half inclined to doubt her serious design to aid in the progress of equality; if such be the fact, she is so deficient in consecutiveness, as to be unable to adhere to her plan. In the characters before us, we have an Old Count, good-natured and artful, proud, benevolent, and adroit, who has retired to an old chateau, with a granddaughter and niece. He determines to repair a dilapidated chapel, and for this purpose brings into his employ two men of the people—or, in other words, joiners. Now these youths are both handsome—so handsome that all the aristocracy about them are quite thrown into the background. One is rather learned than otherwise; both intelligent, and both full to the brim of the dignity inherent in man. Very naturally, both fall in love with the ladies of the chateau—and are beloved in return. The Count's granddaughter, the little aristocrat, is fully, genuinely, and nobly attached to the handsome, eloquent Pierre.

Now here is the point of the book—half forgotten, or purposely dropped by the author. The aristocrat's daughter should have been left a genuine scion of the old *régime*, in order to carry out the doctrine of equality—but we are more than taught that she is the daughter of Napoleon, that great colossus from the people; and therefore her sympathies might be legitimate: but the pretty Marchioness is in fact so only by marriage, being the daughter of a tradesman, and she coquets with the handsome Corinthian, and finally deserts him to gratify her pride and ambition with the aristocracy. All this is very human, but we do not see how it is to enforce the sentiment of equality. In conclusion, the whole troop are outwitted by the courteous and crafty old Count; and the men of the people, the lovelorn maiden, the coquette, and the speeches upon equality, are all prostrate before the superior address of The Man of the World. If this is not flinging the cat in the face and eyes of an audience, we do not know what is; and if GEORGE SAND goes on to write up Socialism in the style of the present volume, its advocates may well cry out "Deliver me from my friends, and I will take care of my enemies."

We have made no extracts, conceiving there is little in the volume to interest our readers.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Natural History of the Human Species. By Lieut.-Col. C. HAMILTON SMITH. Edinburgh, 1848. Lizzars.

THE origin of the very marked differences of race manifested by the genus *Homo* in the various regions of the globe still remains a profound mystery. At this moment we are not a step advanced in the research since the subject attracted the attention of the philosophers who have pursued the Baconian method of investigation. Hypotheses, indeed, have been plentifully produced, almost every naturalist having invented some plausible explanation of the phenomena we witness; but each one upsets the theory of his predecessor with as much ease as he constructs his own, and from this we may fairly conclude that neither has more than fancy for the foundation of his views.

But is it to be ever thus? Are we never to penetrate the mystery of our race? Is there no clue to the labyrinth? Can no guide be found to help us in the investigation? Has

* From the *American Literary World*.

physiology supplied no principles by which we may be directed in our researches? Have the observations of so many centuries furnished no facts which we may use as stepping-stones to further progress? Captain SMITH replies in the affirmative, and in the valuable contribution to natural history before us has gathered all that science and experience have actually ascertained relating to the History of the Human species.

But no researches will advance us in this deeply interesting branch of natural science unless we start with the abandonment of some prejudices. For instance, we must, for the purposes of this particular inquiry, sever in our contemplations the corporeal from the mental man: we must view him solely as one of the animals by whom the earth is peopled, and apply to him the same physiological facts and arguments as we should employ if treating of any other genus of living beings; for the same natural laws influence both, and there can be no doubt that the physiology of race is the same with man as with the horse or the dog; the causes that have produced the varieties in the latter would suffice to produce equal varieties in the former.

Let us advance by steps. What are the grand divisions in the animal creation? We see a seemingly countless variety; but, in fact, we find that many of these are varieties of form only, not of essence. The test appears to be the power of reproduction. Where there is a difference of genus, there can be no reproduction; animals of the same genus, but differing in species, produce an offspring that mingle the characteristics of both parents; but that offspring is incapable of reproduction. It may therefore be taken as a rule, that races capable of reproducing a fertile offspring, however differing in form, are, in fact, the same in race; those which produce a barren offspring differ in race, but are alike in kind; and those which cannot produce an offspring at all, differ in kind, as well as in race.

Now, it is a remarkable fact, that man, however differing in form, is capable of producing a fertile offspring with every species of man, proving the first step in the progress of investigation, that all mankind are one in genus and in species; that is to say, that they bear to one another precisely the same sort of relationship that all horses bear to one another, or all dogs; that between the tribes having the most opposite characteristics, there is never the same difference that is found between the horse, for instance, and the ass, which, though so similar in general form, and capable of reproduction, yet bear a barren offspring. The human race therefore forms not merely as distinct a race as the equine race, but one still more distinct, for it mingle with no other, even for the production of a barren offspring.

It being thus ascertained beyond all possible question that man is of one species, the next question that arises is, if he be of one race; does he come of a single stock, or are there various stocks?

Surveying the external varieties of the human form as found on different parts of the earth's surface, the first conclusion would be that they came of different races. It seems difficult to attribute those remarkable variations to the effects of climate or circumstances. But when we remember that still greater differences can be produced under our very eyes in the dog and the horse, the difficulty disappears, and we shall find it to be impossible to assign a limit to the influence of circumstances over the physical and mental characteristics of animals. LAMARTINE does not more widely differ from the savage of Australia than does the high-

bred setter from the turnspit, or the race-horse from the dray.

Bearing in mind these considerations, the reader will consult this volume of Captain SMITH with as much pleasure as profit. It is by far the most scientific treatise on *Man* we have ever read. After some brief preliminary remarks, he reviews the changes on the earth's surface since the commencement of the zoological system. He then examines the species or typical form of man, and then the abnormal races and the typical species, comparing their physical powers and structural differences, and their intellectual and moral character. He then examines each type in succession, dividing them into the Woolly-haired Tropical Type, the Hyperborean, Beardless, or Mongolic Type, and the Bearded Intermediate or Caucasian Type. An Appendix contains thirty-four coloured engravings of portraits of the different races, illustrative of the facts and arguments adduced by this author.

Within the limits of a journal such as this we have not space to follow Captain SMITH through his researches. But a few specimens of his laborious inquiries and agreeable style may not be unacceptable.

It may be observed as a fact worth noting, that the lowest forms of the human race are always most ready to amalgamate with the highest, and that the offspring partake more of the characteristics of the superior than of the inferior parent. At the first intermixture of the woolly-haired race assumes the Caucasian beauty of expression, in the second generation the Mongol race loses its peculiar inclination of the eye and breadth of face. It is plain that progress is the design of Providence. No race follows the *inferior* parent.

One of the Abnormal species is that of

THE FLATHEADS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

Of all abnormal nations, the most singular were those Flatheads of South America, whose bones and skulls now remaining, furnish the only proof that a people, with such strange conformation of the cranium, have positively existed; and if we could now ascertain to what extent they likewise differed from the other typical forms of man, in the physiological conditions of structure of the softer parts; such, for example, as the peculiar epidermis which Monsieur Flourens ascribes to the whole red race of America; a quality which they, as the most normal of them, may have possessed to a still greater extent; the question would assume a paramount interest—one, perhaps, more indicative of a distinct origin than any before noticed. Dr. Tschudi, describing this form, in his paper on the ancient Peruvians, remarks on the flattened occiput of the cranium, and observes, "that there is found, in children, a bone between the two parietals, below the lambdoidal suture, separating the latter from the inferior margin of the squamous part of the afterhead; the bone is of a triangular shape, the upper angle between the ossa parietalia and its horizontal diameter being twice that of the vertical. This bone coalesces at very different periods with the occipital bones, sometimes not till after six or seven years. In one child of the last-mentioned age, having a very flat occiput, the line of separation was marked by a most perfect suture from the squamous part, and was four inches in breadth by two in height." In remembrance of the nation where this conformation is alone found, the learned doctor denominated this bone *Os. Incae*; and he further remarks, that it corresponds to the *Os. interparietalis* of Rodentia and Marsupiata.* These characters had been previously noticed by Mr. Franklin Bellamy, in a paper read by him to the Naturalists' Society of Devon and Cornwall, to-

gether with remarks which do not occur in Dr. Tschudi's communication, and are, nevertheless, of considerable importance. Comparing the cranium of two Titicaca children with skulls of Europeans of similar age, he found the frontal bone, the parietal and occipital bones, of the former, all considerably larger than the latter, elongating the head posteriorly, and throwing back the whole skull. This peculiarity was greatest in the cranium of an infant not many days old, and lessening with growth in the older head; therefore it was not absolutely the result of bandages, because the natural effect of these would tend more to increase than to decrease this result. From the small flattened forehead there could not be much space for the anterior lobes of the brain. The orbits were exceeding strong, with a somewhat elevated ridge, and the bones of the face harder and more solid than those which were produced for comparison. Dr. Lund likewise observed the incisor and molar teeth of adults to be worn to flat crowns—a character which occurs also in some ancient Egyptian jaws, and in heads of Guanche mummies. Here, again, we have characters so marked and decisive, that if the case were applied to a lower animal, systematists would not hesitate to place it as a separate species; and the comments of physiologists, who refuse their assent, not being in harmony with the admitted definitions, are more specious than convincing. It appears that the nation to which this form of head is peculiar, although with all the signs of very low intellectual faculties, had nevertheless made advances in civilization which several of the Asiatic abnormal tribes have never even attempted to acquire. They build houses, of large stones in a pyramidal form, having an upper floor; and judging from certain remains of their implements, and the contents of their graves, they were peaceable beings, most likely under the control of superiors, not of the same stock, even from periods anterior to the formation of the Inca system of civilization. Mr. Pentland, we believe, first brought this singular race into notice, from skulls dug up near the shores of Lake Titicaca. Dr. Lund found others, even in a fossilised state, in the interior of Brazil. They were discovered in limestone crevices, in company with bones of different species of extinct animals; proving both the remote age when this form of man already existed in America, and the extent of surface it is now known to have occupied. As the Budha, and several other idols of India, constantly represent man with profiles taken from a very low type; so, in America, the Flathead form appears to have had a commanding influence in the ideal divine of the human head; for the depression of forehead and occiput is found artificially reproduced by many tribes in both the southern and northern continents; and specimens of these are observed among human remains, buried in the high sea sands of Peru itself; but these last-mentioned have, in general, the occiput flattened obliquely, with but little apparent artificial anterior depression, evidently the effect of the back of the head having been secured to a board during infancy, as is still a practice in the north. The same form of the head is likewise observed in the high-nosed bas reliefs of gods and heroes, both sculptured and toolled in the ancient temples and buildings of Yucatan and Southern Mexico; the representations of a people now likewise extinct, and by the indigenous tribes referred to the giants of their primeval ages. The account is not without some probability, since the profiles belong to a race entirely distinct from the general population of the western hemisphere, and is only conformable to the high-statured races of Asia; excepting some tribes of North America, who, by their traditions, came from the north-west, are still of a lofty growth, and bear the aquiline features, which may prove their descent from a kindred race. Several of these, like the Osages, not uncommonly reaching the height of six feet eight inches; but since the great disturbance of location, produced by the European influx, they have latterly intermingled with other tribes, and are now fast effacing their particular characteristics. Perhaps the Yucatan giant master-race disappeared, when the Aztecs prevailed in Anahuac, from causes of a similar nature. Upon the whole, the nations with

* Recent investigations, conducted by Sir Robert Schomburgk, shew the Maopitan, or Frog Indian tribe, at the sources of the Corentyn, to be naturally flatheaded. D'Orbigny's Aymaras cannot be of the same stem; and the generalising conclusions of Dr. Morton, to say the least, are premature.

depressed foreheads, when under the guidance of Gomerian masters, seem to have a community of other characters, such as constructiveness, which distinguish the Paltas of South America as well as the older Egyptians.

(To be continued.)

DECORATIVE ART.

SOCIETY OF ARTS, ADELFHI.—The exhibition of specimens of British manufacture and decorative art was formerly opened on Wednesday. The rooms of the society were brilliantly illuminated, and the various objects composing the exhibition were displayed to the best advantage. This species of entertainment is novel in the metropolis. The extensive character and interesting nature of the present exhibition may be judged of when it is stated that nearly 700 specimens of British manufactures are distributed through the rooms.

A.R.T.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

We have time merely to allude to the enchanting ivory statue of the Genoa Crucifix, which is now exhibiting at the Cosmorama rooms, in Regent-street. It has already been much visited by the artist-students of London, and our readers generally should not miss so gratifying and instructive a sight.

A curious revelation is made in the *Athenaeum* respecting the treatment of an artist by a committee of the United Service Club. It seems that Mr. Marshal Claxton painted for the Westminster Hall competition a picture, the subject of which was the burial of Sir John Moore. Not having found a purchaser, Mr. Claxton very handsomely presented the work to the United Service Club; and it was to all appearance eagerly accepted. Having been presented and received, the members of the Club seem to have thought that with the painting they had a further right to the artist's services. First they request from him a key to his picture; and this Mr. Claxton sent. Then they expressed a wish for an alteration in the costume of the officers; and that Sir David Baird might make way in the picture for somebody else, on some small point of chronology. Their next demand coolly suggested that the *light* should be altered—the light of the *picture*, be it observed—to adapt it (we suppose) to its place, the billiard-room, instead of the library, its original destination, instead of the usual plan of making the place suit the light of the picture. Next, Mr. Claxton is informed that "some gentlemen had proposed covering up the face of Sir John Moore!" Lastly, Mr. Claxton is desired to take his picture back again. "But," says our contemporary, "by far the richest bit remains behind—the Club will never get over it. The reason assigned by these soldiers for finally requesting the withdrawal of the picture exceeds anything we know of in farce. The chairman of the committee informed Mr. Claxton, that it was to be removed because some of the members objected to sit in the room with a picture of a dead body!"

A correspondent of the *Times* makes the following sensible observations and practical suggestions:—"The annual exhibition of the Royal Academy will soon open. The price of admission is certainly not high, being 1s. but there are many rooms, and the walls are covered with pictures from top to bottom. The visitor's eye is soon fatigued; good views of the favourite pictures are obstructed by the crowd; and the heat is often oppressive. They, in short, who do not make the exhibition a mere lounge know that repeated visits are necessary, not merely to form an opinion of the various works, but to enjoy the contemplation even of a few of the best. Moreover, many are unable to give more than an hour, at most, at any one time to this very interesting and instructive exhibition. It would be a most acceptable boon to a large portion of the people if season tickets were issued—say at 5s. each, though I believe that a less sum would guarantee the Academy against loss. The only additional trouble entailed would be the necessity of keeping a book in the hall, in which the

bearer of the ticket would have to write his name, as the tickets could not be transferable."—At the last meeting of the Institute of the Fine Arts, the chief attractions were a large landscape, by the late Mr. Constable; an unfinished miniature of the Duchess of Marlborough, her nurse, and child, by Sir William Ross: a kit-kat portrait, by Mr. Ilidge, of T. Uwins, R.A.; and a volume of clever pen-and-ink sketches by E. M. Ward, A.R.A. who appears to work at all times with equal zeal, industry, and talent.—The supporters of the Artists' Benevolent Fund held their annual meeting last week at the Freemasons' Tavern. The report read by the secretary stated that the Queen Dowager continued her munificent donation of 105*l.* During the year forty widows had been provided with pensions of 1*l* each, and twenty-four orphans at 5*s.* each. The total receipts amounted to 1,107*l.* and the expenditure left a balance of 68*s.* After the adoption of the report, the following were elected members of the council:—Sir J. E. Swinburne, bart. Sir M. A. Shee, B. B. Cabbell, esq. M.P., P. Legh, esq. R. H. Solly, esq. and Aaron Goldsmid, esq. The meeting then separated.—The little Guido, "The Coronation of the Virgin," bequeathed to the nation by the late Mr. Wells, of Redleaf, has just been added to the collection at the National Gallery. It was a favourite picture with Sir Thomas Lawrence, who was forced to part with it to pay a debt of honour incurred at the gaming-table. The morning after his loss he wrote to Mr. Wells (so the story runs), offering him the picture for a thousand guineas, and Mr. Wells, who had long wished to possess it, closed at once with the great painter, and wrote a cheque for the amount. As a work of art its merits are considerable.—The *Constitutionnel* has received some information respecting the devastation of the Château of Neuilly. "There were at Neuilly about 300 pictures, all of them modern: only 150 have been saved, and conveyed to the Louvre. The remainder have been burnt. It is fortunate that Louis Philippe should have liked and favoured bad painting. We have seen a catalogue of the pictures that have been destroyed: the loss is not a great one. All the names in the catalogue are nearly unknown, and of little worth in the Fine Arts. Among those most to be regretted are Leopold Robert's 'Improviseur,' and an 'Old Beggar,' by the same artist; the 'Soldat Laboureur,' of Horace Vernet; and Ary Scheffer's 'Faust.' Its pendant, the 'Marguerite,' is greatly damaged. Most of the other pictures of Vernet, Gudin, &c. have been saved."—The works sent for exhibition to the Louvre amount this year to 5,362—double the number received last year.

A Parisian sculptor of the name of Clesinger had carved a colossal bust of Liberty with such rapidity that he presented it to the Provisional Government on the 19th of March, on which day it was carried in procession through the streets by a body of "nearly three hundred sculptors."—A set of seventeen etchings from the hands of Edwin Landseer are about to be introduced to the public—studies of animal, some few being examples of human, character.—The Cruikshank testimonial movement has been earnestly adopted by a committee. It is not as yet decided what the form of testimonial shall be, and the decision will no doubt be in some degree dependent on the amount of the subscriptions.—The papers report the death of Seraphin Vlieger, the celebrated Flemish artist, at the premature age of forty-one. M. Vlieger was a professor of the Academy of Alost.—Mr. John Gray Bell, of Hornton-street, Kensington, has, at the request of the Committee of Management, accepted the office of Honorary Secretary to the Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland.—The American papers record the death of Mr. Thomas Cole, a landscape painter of distinction.

THE PANORAMA OF VENICE.

MR. BURFORD has just produced at the Panorama in Leicester-square a picture to which recent events have given an interest little anticipated when it was commenced. But, independently of this extensive source of interest, as a work of art it is one of the

best of Mr. BURFORD's performances. It is wonderfully true to nature in the whole and in its details. The city *lives* before us, and it is difficult, after gazing a few minutes, to assure oneself that it is canvas only that one beholds. It affords the most perfect idea of the capital of Austria, the point of view being the Church of St. Carlo, near Wieden, and every object of interest is introduced, even to groups that convey something of the living aspect of the most joyous and cheerful city in the world, which every person enters with pleasure and quits with pain. None of our country readers coming to town should fail to visit this, the most interesting sight of the season.

A Fine Arts Company has been projected for the "Publication and Sale of Works of Art." The directors, solicitors, and bankers form a highly respectable list, the managing director being no other than the energetic and courteous Mr. Thomas Boys, of No. 5, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, whose long experience and business-like habits eminently qualify him for the post. From the large fortunes realised by the leading publishers, it is fair to presume this company would return a more than average dividend, and it cannot therefore be considered other than a desirable investment.

Mr. Stevens, whose cross-examination on the trial of the late keeper of the Gallery of British Artists was given at length in a recent number of THE CRITIC, and from whom such awkward personal facts were elicited, has sent in his resignation as member of that body, and in time, we are given to understand, to obviate the necessity of a more precipitate and less pleasant measure on the part of the Society. The vacancy, however, is not an easy one to be filled, and the grave question suggests itself, who is now to be the representative of the Cheshire Cheese and Guinea-Pig style of art? We tender our congratulations to the Society.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE celebrated Lola Montez has been discarded by the King of Bavaria, and her titles and revenues taken from her. She has left the kingdom.—Mr. William Farren, a son of our veteran comedian, is to make his *début* in London on Wednesday next, at the Concert of Ancient Music, under the patronage of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge.—Tadolini finished her engagement at the Scala, at Milan, on the 20th; and is expected in London. Jenny Lind is expected every day, and Lablache will be here by the 5th of April.—The promises of the Provisional Government of France every day increase in number and detail. M. Crémieux has answered a deputation from certain singing schools with the assurance that "the Government" would give its attention to the best manner of popularising music.—At the Théâtre de la République, M. Ponsard's celebrated tragedy of *Lucrece* was last week transplanted from the Odéon, and the subject of the piece, the fall of the Tarquins and the revolution of Rome, naturally gave this representation a peculiar interest at the present time. The whole aspect of the *salle* presented a pregnant commentary upon the mutability of the times we live in. The *loge* of the ex-royal family being now thrown open to *location*, like any other part of the theatre, was tenanted by quiet *bourgeoisie*, nowise remarkable in appearance, yet who, from their occupying that place so lately, "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes," were a point of observation for all the binocles of the assembly during the night. But far more special objects of attention occupied the *loge* immediately opposite, formerly appertaining to the Department of the Interior, and still retained by the new Government. Here sat Messrs. Ledru Rollin, Crémieux, Marrast, Pagnier, Albert, Flocon, and other gentlemen not visible from the front—in fine, with a few exceptions, the entire of the Provisional Government.—After the performance of *Les Horaces*, on Thursday, at the Théâtre Français (now Le Théâtre de la République), Mademoiselle Rachel, who had performed the part of Camille, was called for by a

crowded audience to sing what may now be considered the national air, *La Marseillaise*. After a short lapse she appeared in the Roman costume which she had worn in the tragedy, but with the addition of the tricolour ribbon. I have seen that great tragedian in most of her celebrated parts, but never have I seen her grander, never more sublime, than in her acting of this song. I cannot say it was singing; it was something above and beyond singing. It was nothing like the hooting and bellowing of the self-same thing by mere singers. She delivered the air intelligibly—that was not to be mistaken; but, from her management of it, it had more the effect of religious chant. Parts of it she gave in a low, tremulous voice, while her whole frame seemed quivering with patriotic fervour; and when, at the last verse, she seized the republican flag, threw herself on her knees, and hugged it in her arms, she seemed to present at once the real and the ideal of a Joan of Arc.

THE science of music in England has, within the last quarter of a century, made a larger stride towards becoming a necessary part of our education and existence, than the most sanguine votary of the divine art could have anticipated. A word or two relative to the establishment of one who has done more for the art in this country than any living individual, will be read by many of our numerous readers with pleasure. Mr. Robert Cocks commenced as a music publisher, some five-and-twenty years back, in Princes-street, Hanover-square. From that time he has been publishing novelties by the first professors of the age, both native and foreign, until his levithian catalogue has reached to a number of plates amounting to, if not exceeding 200,000. No other music-publisher in England—we should say in Europe—possesses a catalogue containing such a variety, or such sterling, standard and popular works, for every description of musical instrument, and for the science of music generally. His valuable copyright works—in the form of instruction-books, books on the theory of music, and more especially his musical catechisms, pianoforte solos and duets, his quartets, quintets, and sextets, dance-music, church-music, organ-music, and works on chanting, strike us with amazement. How one mind could have accumulated such a number of such inestimable and varied productions in the space of time that Mr. Robert Cocks has been in business, we know not. Mr. Cocks has, during his publishing career, been accustomed to visit the principal cities of Europe periodically in search of musical novelty, and generally with the most signal success. He was the first person to make known in this country Carl Czerny, the most popular pianoforte writer now in existence, Henry Bertini Chauillet and of Francois Huntet, for the pianoforte, which have done more for the instrument and for teachers and scholars than any that have hitherto appeared. The singular felicity possessed by Mr. Cocks of being able to distinguish talent in musical artists wherever he has travelled, has made his fame so universal, that the publishing firm of Cocks and Co. is, we venture to say, as well known in any other city of Europe as it is in London, where his establishment is ranked as the first. But though Mr. Cocks has gone a-head with the times in bringing forward the talent of every country, he has not been unmindful of the English musician and composer. Some of the most popular works of his catalogue are by Englishmen. For instance, the elementary works and catechisms of J. A. Hamilton are now reckoned among the standard works of the day by all those employed in the tuition of youth. John Bishop, of Cheltenham, also, whose masterly arrangement of the sacred oratorios of the great masters of the past age is so well known, figures very conspicuously in Mr. Cocks's catalogue. Albrechtsberger's celebrated "Method of Harmony, Figured Bass, and Composition," first made its appearance in this house, together with Cherubini's master-work on Counterpoint and Fugue. The only complete edition of the works of that wonder of his age, John Sebastian Bach, is now brought out, and is hailed with delight by all true musicians. Hitherto, no publisher would venture on such an apparently hazardous speculation; but Mr. Cocks has proved that there is ample room for such works in this country, when brought out with the care and judgment which distinguish the classical production. Dr. Boyce's Cathedral Music, an immense work of over 1,000 large plates, arranged by Joseph Warren is about to appear shortly to the satisfaction of all lovers of the sublime cathedral music of the past age. The whole of Beethoven's Violin Quintets, Quartets, and Trios, have been an-

nounced to appear shortly, and they will form the only perfect copy of these works that has ever appeared in this country. His pianoforte compositions are now complete, a new edition having appeared. In the way of instrumental works, Mr. Cocks's house is replete with every variety, from Spohr's "Grand Violin School," down to a sixpenny scale for any instrument. The violin works of Mayseder, De Beriot, and a host of others, came out under Mr. Cocks's fostering care. Mr. William Forde's clever and elegant arrangements for the flute, &c. form no unimportant item in this voluminous catalogue; and deservedly so. They are replete with every requisite for the amateur and the drawing-room.

Lanner, Labitzky, and Strauss first became known to the British public through the medium of this house, their recent works being the exclusive copyright of the firm. The following eminent composers, whose works are amongst the most *recherché* of the day, have become bound to produce their works exclusively for Mr. Cocks's firm:—A. Goria, whose works exhibit such refinement and are so much admired. Henri Rossellen, Jules Schulhoff, Camille Schubert, Musard and G. Redler, the quadrille writers; together with a host of other names of first-rate talent. Mr. Cocks has bound these composers to himself by his great liberality. He has also recently launched forth into the publishing of vocal music, and we have no doubt that he will reap the due advantages of his spirited speculation. Amongst the popular song-writers of the day, he has been purchasing the works of Bishop, Eliza Cook, Guyott, Wellington Guernsey, Edward Loder, Vincent Wallace, G. Herbert Rodwell, Stephen Glover, E. Flood, Dr. Farquharson, Charles Swain, William Jones, G. L. Banks, Nelson, Walter Maurice, E. L. Hine, J. Warren, G. Soane, B. A. and Douglas Thompson. Mr. Robert Cocks has been most fortunate in all his musical speculations, and deservedly so. Twenty-five years are indeed a large portion of human existence; but twenty-five years' devotion to the science of music entitle him to much honour, as one of the most consummate judges of music and of the wants of the music-loving people of England. The firm has been for some time removed to the mansion lately the residence of the Countess of Cork and Orrery, No. 6, New Burlington-street; and, from its great space and elegance, affords the means of displaying Mr. Cocks's large stock of music and of musical instruments to great advantage. His elegant little piccolo pianofortes are sought after as the most perfect of the kind, in both tone and finish—appearance and workmanship. Musical friends from the country, who are fond of novelty, can nowhere in the metropolis spend an hour or two more judiciously than in looking over the many and varied novelties produced at this emporium of music and of everything connected with the art.—*Court Journal*.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—A short time since we slightly adverted to the differences between this society and their conductor, Mr. SURMAN, which, as our readers are aware, have resulted in the dismissal of the latter. It was not our intention to have recurred to the subject, but a circular has been put into our hands, emanating from the society, which, reluctant as we are to give publicity to *ex parte* statements, places the matter in so fair a light, that, aggrieved or not aggrieved, Mr. SURMAN consented to submit to arbitration; the award was against him; he fairly lost his cake, yet clammers to have it back again, the arbitrators, besides, being a body of nine gentlemen, five of whom were of his own selection. Could any thing be fairer on the part of the society?

CONCERTS of ANCIENT MUSIC.—
NEW ROOMS, Hanover-square.—The SECOND CONCERT will take place on WEDNESDAY EVENING next, April 5; the REHEARSAL on the Monday morning preceding.—Applications for subscriptions, single tickets, programmes, &c. to be made at Lonsdale's Musical Library, 26, Old Bond-street.—Principal Singers: Mme. Caradori Alani, Miss Birch, Miss Bassano, Sig. Salvi, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Barnby, and Mr. Machin.—Conductor, Sir H. R. Bishop.

MAGNIFICENT IVORY STATUE.—
THE GENOA CRUCIFIX.—This remarkable work of art, unanimously pronounced by the highest authorities to be one of the most perfect and beautiful productions of modern times, is now exhibiting for a short time at the COSMORAMO ROOMS, 209, REGENT-STREET. Admission One Shilling. Visitors receive, gratis, a pamphlet containing a detailed account of its singular origin, and a portrait of the artist monk, Fra Carlo Pesenti.

THE GREATEST NOVELTY of the DAY.—PALLADIUM, late Hall of Rome, Great Windmill-street, Haymarket.—Madame BENARD, original TABLEAUX VIVANS and POSES PLASTIQUES. LADY GODIVA on a LIVING HORSE, and the moving Tableaux of Acis and Galatea, and the Death of Lucretia, having been received with the most rapturous applause, Madame Benard begs to state that the above splendid representation will be repeated every Morning and Evening. Morning performance at 3; Evening at 8. Stalls, 3s.; Reserved Seats, 2s.; Pit, 1s.

ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY, Regent's park.—The days appointed for the EXHIBITION this Season are May 10th, June 14th, and July 5th.—Tickets can be obtained at the Gardens, by orders from Fellows and Members. Price on or before April 15th, 4s.; after that day, 5s.; or on the days of Exhibition, 7s. 6d. each.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRAMATIC CHRONICLE.—In an address delivered by Mr. MACREADY to a Newcastle audience, he informed his friends there, that "he proposed retiring from the stage at an early day, not because he felt age creeping upon him or his faculties or energies impaired, but because of the present deplorable condition of our national drama."—Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES KEAN, having terminated a successful engagement at the Haymarket Theatre on Wednesday week, in the favourite play of the *Wife's Secret*, have taken their departure upon a provincial tour. They are expected to revisit the metropolis in the middle of May.—MESSRS. GREENWOOD and PHELPS are in treaty for the Surrey; should the negotiation fail, they have it in contemplation to build a new house for themselves.

—MR. GUSTAVUS BROOKE has accepted an engagement at the Haymarket, to date from the expiration of his present term at the Olympic.—A contemporary says that "the new French Revolution has given trouble to our own Lord Chamberlain, by compelling him to refuse his license to certain attempts at representing its incidents on some of our minor stages. Determined, however, to catch the spirit of the time, pieces on the subject of the old French Revolution have been revived instead. With these his lordship could not well interfere; but he has notified to the different managements that he shall hold them responsible for any consequent disturbances in the theatres that may occur."

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—Most of our contemporaries, in speaking of the equestrian performances here, have apostrophised the statue of SHAKESPEARE, and shrugged their shoulders, that such things should be! We yield to none in the desire that it were otherwise; and had the novelty-seeking M. JULLIEN been the first to break the ice, should have been the foremost of his denouncers; but as MR. BUNN paved the way so long since with lions, tigers, buffaloes, tiger-cats, and monkeys, we must say we consider the observations savour too much of the harping on one string, and that the critics are rather hard on M. JULLIEN, who, if he has produced an exhibition of quadrupeds, has done so with far greater refinement of taste than his predecessor. The performances are varied beyond what might have been expected, or is indeed usual in this class of entertainment, feats of mobility, agility, and comicality, leaping, posturing, tumbling—in fact, any thing short of flying, seems to be practicable by the company; the members exerting themselves to the utmost, and most successfully, as crowded houses testify.

HAYMARKET.—The removal of Mr. and Mrs. C. KEAN and *The Wife's Secret* has caused the introduction of other novelties. MR. WEBSTER has revived COLLEY CIBBER's comedy of *The Double Gallant*, with a powerful cast, and with great splendour of costume; but we fear it is not likely to have a long life. With many lively, amusing, and clever scenes, it drags as a whole. Some of the incidents are too farcical for modern taste; indeed, it exists only through the admirable acting of Mrs. NIESBITT and MR. WEBSTER. The other novelty is a comic two act drama, entitled *Lavater the Physiognomist*, and *A Good Judge too*, an adaptation from the French, which has been completely successful. The plot is founded upon the tricks of a pretended physiognomist as opposed to the true philosopher. The part of *Lavater* was sustained by MR. WEBSTER with singular spirit and fidelity, never once degenerating into caricature, and yet preserving the quaintness of the author's conception. MR. TILBURY was very big as *Puffendorf*, the burgomaster, and MR. BLAND gave

due expression to the broad fun of *Katzencraft*. Miss FORTESQUE made the best of a slight part. It will reward a visit.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—On Wednesday last was produced one of those interesting little dramas, for which the Adelphi is famous, where scenery, music, fun, pathos, and melodrama mingle their attractions. It is entitled *Harvest Home*, and its author is said to be Mr. JOHN PARRY. The story is thus related in the daily papers:—*Amy* (Madame CELESTE) is an orphan girl, over whose birth considerable mystery rests; she has been consigned, fourteen years before the drama opens, to the care of a travelling showman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Peeps (PAUL BEDFORD and Mrs. F. MATTHEWS), by one Caleb Kestrel, a regular Adelphi villain, who could be impersonated by none other than the great O. SMITH, of terrible repute. The showman and his protégé, who plays the tambourine and dances in aid of the general funds, arrives at a certain village in Yorkshire on the day of the “harvest home,” and in the midst of the festivities we are led to gather that the squire of the place, *Cecil Derwent* (Mr. H. HUGHES), is not the real owner of the estates, and that *Amy*, the adopted daughter of the late owner, is. *Kestrel*, following upon their steps, endeavours to turn his knowledge of the history of the parties to advantage, assumes to the girl to be her father; but, on the other hand, goes to *Derwent*, apprises him of the existence of an adverse claimant, and offers to get her out of the way for a sum of money. This proposal being indignantly repelled, the miscreant shoots *Derwent* at night on the moors, in order to clear the ground for *Amy*, whose interests he intends to apply to his own advantage. His supposed daughter is witness of the murderous transaction, and her horror and dread of the consequences to her father give Madame CELESTE a favourable opening for the display of that powerful style of acting in which she is so successful. Her joy and pride subsequently, on discovering that she is not the daughter of this villain, was all finely given. *Kestrel* then endeavours to bring her down with him in his fall, by pretending that she was a party to the murder, and that she bribed him to do it. The opportune appearance of the murdered man, who has recovered from his wounds, gives the lie to this charge, and all ends happily; the *Squire* and *Amy* pledging themselves to unite their claims to the *Derwent* by marriage, and the villain being marched off to prison at the P. S. in the usual manner. The whole strength of the company is thus thrown into the piece. CELESTE surpassed herself, and BEDFORD and WRIGHT combined their broad comedy for the production of some of the heartiest roars we have heard even within the walls of the Adelphi; the former as *Brassey Popjay*, a “gent” of the first water; the latter as a travelling showman. The scenery was really beautiful. The only fault was its too great length. A little curtailment will make it perfect, and ensure for it as long a life as has been enjoyed by *Green Bushes*, and other popular dramas of its class.

SURREY THEATRE.—A new burletta, called *The King's Choice*, was produced at this theatre on Monday. The piece derives its title from an incident recorded in the life of Frederick the Great of Prussia, a monarch whose military exploits and eccentric character have secured for him a niche in the temple of Fame, which posterity will not be disposed to overlook. The plot of *The King's Choice* is this:—during one of his expeditions, *Frederick* happened to stop a night at an inn kept by *Paul Polinski*, an ex-corporal of his body-guard, and there came in contact with the old soldier's pretty daughter *Katherine* (Mrs. PHILLIPS); attracted by the girl's spirit and appearance, he resolves to procure her a husband, and, before leaving, communicates this intention to her father, who in turn, flattered by the King's notice, duly informs *Katherine* of the good fortune which awaits her. *Katherine*, however, not comprehending the “right divine” of kings to interfere with the domestic affairs of their subjects, flatly refuses to have anything to do with the man selected by the king, and astonishes her father with the avowal that she had already chosen a husband for herself. The favoured individual turns out to be one *Adolphe*, private secretary to the king, with whom, ignorant of his rank, she had coquettishly during her visits to the camp. It happens that *Adolphe* is the man fixed upon by *Frederick* to make *Katherine* happy, and the monarch conveys his wishes to *Katherine* in a letter, in which he commands her to marry the braver. This letter *Adolphe* is charged by the king to deliver in person, the writer acquainting him with only so much of its contents as to lead him to understand that it provides *Kate* with a husband of distinction. The young man's vanity is piqued, and instead of delivering the letter himself, he procures a messenger,

in the form of a simple country lad, *Wolfenbushel* (Mr. HAMMOND), and charges him to report faithfully *Katherine*'s reply and manner on reading it. The scene that follows affords ample scope for some excellent comic acting between *Katherine* and *Wolfenbushel*. The lady gives expression to sentiments extremely questionable as to their loyalty, and the affrighted *Wolfenbushel* retires to communicate her reply to his employer. Instead, however, of meeting *Adolphe* he falls in with the King, to whom he relates all that has happened. The result is an order for the arrest of *Katherine* on a charge of treason. She is straightway conducted to the presence of *Frederick*, when she reiterates her complaints of the King's tyranny, *Frederick* all the while appearing to enjoy the mistakes that have occurred. The dénouement is, of course, the discovery that *Adolphe*, not *Wolfenbushel*, was the King's choice, and *Kate*, nothing loth, accepts the secretary at the hands of her king. Mrs. PHILLIPS's impersonation of the high-spirited *Kate* was admirably sustained throughout, and tended much to secure the success of the piece, which we may say was unequivocal. HAMMOND's *Wolfenbushel* was a good piece of acting, though at times rather too heavy. The other characters were evenly sustained, but call for no particular notice.

FRENCH PLAYS.—Mademoiselle NATHALIE is about to depart, and as a finale she has appeared in a strange sort of piece, a monologue, which consists solely of a narrative by a young peasant of a tale of blighted love. She looked charmingly, and told her story with a simplicity that was fully appreciated by the delighted audience.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GEORGE SAND AND THE “QUARTERLY.” TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—My attention has just been called to a footnote in the *Quarterly Review* of September last, and though somewhat late in the day, I feel bound to give a most unqualified denial to its assertion, that “an attempt is now making to circulate George Sand's works in an English translation—omitting the obscenity.” The *Italics* are the *Quarterly*'s, not mine. Unable to prove the “obscenity” with which it so grossly charged the works of George Sand some twelve years ago, it does not hesitate now to throw itself in the way of a true appreciation of those works by a direct falsehood. The translations in my series are faithful and exact, with no omissions or suppressions whatever, save in *Simon*, where the single omission is purely one of taste—mistaken taste, as I now own, on my part, and which I shall take an early opportunity of correcting in a reprint of that translation, but involving no question of immorality or “obscenity.” For both of the grossest and basest description, let the lovers of pollution turn to the foul pages of the above-mentioned article in the *Quarterly Review*, April, 1836. Let the more candid reader there see for himself the skill with which the writer of that article has so worked up the gross images of his own mind, descending to the vilest records of the Paris police-sheet in aid of his determined slander, as to make his own impure thoughts and suggestions pass with the unwary reader for the thoughts and suggestions of this calumniated author. Modern French literature, among which the works of George Sand are a noble exception, may, for immorality, safely challenge comparison with the article intended to protect the morality of the public. Let that public beware how it yields a blind faith to the opinion of one man, reviewer of the *Quarterly* though he be, in opposition to the protest of hundreds. The day is at hand when the anonymous we, so long the bugbear of authors and readers, will be held at its just value as an individual opinion, too often not even honestly expressed. It will give me pleasure to find this letter copied into many influential papers and journals which have cheered me in my self-imposed duty. With the greatest respect for the honest outspaking of your own journal on all matters, and on all occasions,

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

London, Feb. 1.

MATILDA M. HAYS.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

VITTORIA CALONNA.*

BY MRS. LORAIN.

NOW I will live for Heaven, as until now
I lived for thee, my love, my hero. Thou

* Celebrated by the most illustrious of her contemporaries for her beauty and song. She is equally famous for her impassioned fidelity to the memory of her husband, to which she dedicated herself in the solitude of the cloister,

Shalt never see another by my side
From thy celestial home—beautified—
Now looking down on me. Another, oh
There is no second love! and Angelo,
And thy great bard, Modena, overpraise
The sad devotion of my lonely days.
I have no joy, save memory, left; and I
Have little merit in my constancy,
For who will praise the solitary dove,
Whose nature may not know a second love?
Then why my faith to thee? Could my head rest
Upon another heart that hath been blest
Lying on thine? or could another voice
Make every pulse within my soul rejoice
As thine has done? more softly thrilling than
The dying music of the dying swan,
And it has likewise died. What arm could press
And I not shudder in a new caress?
Who sport with the long braids of my dark hair,
Or kiss my forehead, praising it for fair,
Like thee of old? What time the eve drew on
With soft and starry looks, in unison
With ours, like them serene and pure and young.
Within the bower whose lattice overhung
That fairest shore where, mid blue isles, the bay
Of our own Naples takes its silver way.

No more! no more! My sad tears daily fall
Upon thy tomb, my love. And this is all
Remains of thee, save in my heart, where yet
Thou livest on, the dearest for regret.
So live my vows, which thou didst safely trust.

This form is sacred to thy buried dust
As once to thee—the ring I took from thee—
The antique emblem of eternity,
Around my finger clasps its sacred fold,
And binds me thine in sacramental gold.
Mysterious circle! who shall dare remove
Its holy type of everlasting love?

I did not love thee with the common love
Of common women. Mine was interwoven
With things immortal,—genius, poetry,
The soul of passion—life that cannot die!
'T was thus the Lesbian whose resistless fire
Waked such deep music from the Grecian lyre
(As heard its echoes through the human heart,
Even to the far cold regions of the west),
Gave to her love such power its grief to know,
And won such sweetness for her notes of woe;
Thrilled with her dying songs the isles of Greece,
And all she gained in glory, lost in peace.

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

A CHEERFUL fire, a purring cat, as much
Of health as one may have who ne'er is strong;
A book to please, and quiet, and a throng
Of picture-thoughts, at will to scan and touch;—
These accessories should make life-breadth such
A boon as turns men holy; but among
Them—sudden as night-bird's startling song—
Rush in a darksome troop of cares, that stain
The chambers of the mind, awaken pain,
And breathe intangible horrors on the mind!
We question why is this,—seeking in vain
The hidden seed of all such woe to find,
But own it—as we feel it gnaw the brain—
One of those shadows which control mankind!

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.—On the 23rd ult. in Arlington-street, the Lady Caroline Duncombe, of a son.

DEATHS.

HODGSON, the Rev. G. M. M.A. assistant lecturer of St. Thomas's, Salisbury, on the 23rd ult. at the Close, in the said city, aged 39.

LAINE, Juliette, wife of J. J. Lainé, esq. French Consul, Liverpool, on the 16th ult. in Paris.

RUNDT, Susanna, wife of Mr. Carl Ludvig Rundt, of Rome, painter to the Prussian Court, and youngest daughter of the late Charles Atkins, esq. of Perth, on the 2nd ult. at Berlin.

JOURNAL OF PUBLIC HEALTH.

MORTALITY IN THE METROPOLIS.

THE Registrar-General's return for the week ending Saturday, the 4th inst. shews that the deaths registered during this period were 1,114. As this result exceeds by only seven deaths the weekly number of the season, calculated from the mortality of former years, the population of London may now be considered in possession of an average amount of health. Influenza (or the lingering effects of the epidemic in persons worn out by age or afflicted by other forms of disease) is exhibited fatally in 18 cases; but the mor-

tality from this cause rapidly declines. The total deaths ascribed to diseases of the respiratory organs, including consumption, which now forms one of the tubercular class, are 293, or 79 less than the average. On the other hand, the mortality from epidemics is still great, that from scarlet fever and typhus being double the estimated amount. A female inmate of the Lambeth Workhouse paid the debt of nature at the venerable age of 100 years and 2 months. The following are the particulars of deaths recorded in the previous week:—In the district of Gray's-inn-lane, a man died of "typhus, caused by the filthy condition of the premises;" another, in St. George's Hospital, of "fever and ulceration of the intestines, which was traceable to the opening of a sewer at Cubitt's factory, Thames-bank." A woman died in the district of Goswell-street of "English cholera," after an illness of five days; another in Deptford from "symptoms of cholera," in which case death occurred in 45 minutes after the attack.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE advancement of literature on the Continent is an all-engrossing topic. The revolutions of the day have ensured intellectual liberty. Freedom of speech and freedom of the press are among the greatest of the boons that have been obtained by the supremacy which mobs and peoples have asserted. Our literature smacks of the tendency. English writers are busy illustrating the present advantages and future blessings to be derived from such unexampled changes. There is no new effort of home pens that is worth calling special attention to. Cogitation and observation are too busily at work to expect much in the way of production. But a few weeks more and our advertising columns may be expected to teem with the results of this period of silence and meditation.

The desire for book making has led one ambitious scion of the craft into an awkward position. A certain, or rather an uncertain, George Gordon Byron has for some weeks past been announcing his intention of publishing in a series of volumes the unedited works of Lord Byron. A mass of correspondence and some unpublished poems were to form part of the work, and its compiler boldly stated that he had received the assistance of the poet's "most familiar friends," and of his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Leigh. The whole affair turns out to be a *ruse*. Mrs. Leigh has denied the assertion in regard to her part of the business; and the publishers, Messrs. Orr, have since publicly announced that they were not cognizant of any irregularity when they undertook to act for Mr. Gordon Byron, and they now refuse all connection with him or his work.—The *New York Literary World* states that a good many of Charles Lamb's books, some of them his folios, "huge armfuls," are now for sale in New York. "These books, which Lamb so loved that they seemed a part of himself, have been plucked from the smoke of London, deracinated from the pavements of Cockneydom; and now they are in Astor House, all written over on the margin by Coleridge, and Southey, and Lamb himself. What will their fate be now? Who, amid the ever-changing fortunes of American families, will keep the herd together in a library? Their destiny is now most assuredly to travel over the Continent; some to be dogs-eared in Oregon, some to grow crisp of cover in Labrador, some to be freshly bound in leather from a Californian bullock, some to follow annexation, and be shelved in time in the 'Society Library' of Mexico."

An endeavour is being made to raise a fund for the family of poor Thom, the Inverary poet. Thom has left a wife and three children to claim commiseration and support from that public which, in false taste, fed and praised the man at public dinners, on certain occasions, leaving the condition of his every-day life abject and miserable as his weakly condition and unprofitable calling could make it. If, instead of creating in Thom an appetite that his means could never give him the power of satisfying, he had been granted an occupation where his talents could be profitably and usefully employed, the admirers and adulators of genius might have saved a pining body, and secured to the world a refining

spirit. In their erroneous mode of "doing honour" to talent, they have hastened the sacrifice of both. Thom, however, has left behind him that which will powerfully assert the claim of his helpless babes to protection. But it is not we would have this posthumous homage to genius. A contemporary gives the following as being the last effort of Thom's pen:—

SONG OF THE DWELLERS IN DEAN VALE.
While we laugh and sing in this happy ring
With a bright and brotherly glee,
May we never forget that the sun hath set
On the homes of misery.
For oh! it may be that this chill night wind
Sweeps round some fireless hearth,
Freezing the heart of the homeless one
With never a friend on earth.
Then aye as we sing may we closer cling
In our bright and brotherly glee;
Yet never forget that the sun may set
On the homes of misery.
Man was not made for the world alone,
The world was lent to man;
'Tis a debt we owe to Heaven, you know,—
Then pay it as well as you can.
Now winter rides mad in his carriage of snow,
With his pelting rain and his hail;
May it never be said that hunger and woe
Held abiding in bonny Dean Vale.
Then aye as we sing may we closer cling
In our bright and brotherly glee,
And never forget that the sun may set
On the homes of misery.

The *People's Journal*, one of the best amongst the class of cheap metropolitan weekly periodicals, announced for sale by public auction, was brought to the hammer on Tuesday week. There were several respectable publishers present at the sale, and after various biddings, the copyright of this useful and popular work was sold for 130*l.* Mr. Willoughby being declared the purchaser.—The King of Bavaria has just addressed an autograph letter to Justinus Kerner, poet laureate, expressing his high admiration of his talent, and, in consequence of his advancing age and an increasing disease of his eyes, presenting him with an annual sum of 40*l.* out of his privy purse.—George Herwegh, a German poet, whose writings are proscribed in Prussia, has been president of a German democratic body, fraternizing with the Parisian revolutionists. Bornstedt, a newspaper editor, expelled from Brussels, M. Werth, and other individuals, are named as taking the lead in this new association.—The University College, London, has had 5,000*l.* presented to it anonymously. It is to form a fund at the disposal of the council, and the only condition is, that it shall be called "The Andrews' Fund."—At a late meeting of the Royal Society of Literature, it was noticed, as a remarkable fact, that the papyrus, in elder ages indigenous and so abundant in Egypt, has ceased to exist, and can no longer be discovered in the land of the Nile.

Some strange revealings are being made as to the purloinings of M. Libri, who held office under the late government in connection with the libraries and museums of France. It is stated that many discoveries of property that he had concealed and carried off have been made. Thirty volumes have been seized in the house of a M. C.—, situate in the Rue de l'Est. Ten thousand volumes have been also seized in the apartment which M. Libri had quitted in the Rue d'Enfer, and 20,000 others in another apartment which he had hired in the same street. Thirty valuable volumes have also been found in the possession of a bookbinder, in whose hands they had been placed by M. Libri, in order to change the binding. Two boxes, containing books, have also been found in the possession of the same person, which have been placed under official seal. At one of the late meetings of the Academy of Sciences M. Libri presented himself, and his arrival caused a painful feeling among his colleagues assembled. One of the members took a sheet of paper, on which he wrote as follows:—"We have reason to be astonished that M. Libri should have had the boldness to come and take a seat in an assembly of honourable men." The paper then circulated from hand to hand, and at length reached M. Libri, bearing the signature of every one present. That gentleman immediately rose and made his retreat.

By a return recently made by order of the House of Commons, it appears that the estimated expenditure of the British Museum from Christmas, 1846, to the same period in 1847, was 52,637*l.* while the actual expenditure was 49,854*l.* 7*s.* 10*d.* The estimated charge from Lady-day, 1848, to Lady-day, 1849, is 56,752*l.* 15*s.* The number of persons admitted to visit the British Museum in the year 1847 was 820,965, while in the preceding year it was 750,601, and in 1842 the number was 547,718. The number of visits made to the reading-rooms for study, &c. in 1847 was 67,525, and in the previous year to 66,784. In 1810 the number of visits to this room was only 1,950; in 1815, 4,300; in 1820, 8,820; in 1825, 22,800; in 1830, 31,200; and in 1840 the number increased to 67,542. The number of visits by artists, &c. for the purpose of study, in 1847, was 3,508. The number of visits to the print-room was 4,572. Large additions have been made in several departments of the Museum during the last year. In the manuscript departments there has been an addition of 697 manuscripts, 4 original charters, and 53 seals and bullæ, and also a very large collection of ancient Syriac manuscripts, in vellum and paper, from the monastery of St. Mary Deipara, in the desert of Scète. In the department of printed books, the number of volumes added to the library during the year was 55,475 (including music and newspapers), of which 32,692 were presented, 19,604 purchased, and 3,179 obtained by copyright. The number of volumes consulted in the reading-room during the last year was 328,484, or about 1,121 per diem. The largest presents made to the library during the last year was the collection of Chinese books of the late R. Morrison, esq. presented by the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and the library of the Right Hon. T. Grenville, which was bequeathed in 1846, but not moved to the Museum until February 1847. The Chinese collection amounts to 11,509 volumes.

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